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*the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers ("Gosline's
Pennsylvania Zouaves") in the Sixth Corps.*

AN

HISTORICAL PAPER

By G. NORTON GALLOWAY,

(LATE CO. "A," 95TH P. V.)

READ

By CHARLES N. SNYDER, Esq.,

(LATE CORPORAL CO. "K," 95TH P. V.)

AT A

RE-UNION OF THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE 95TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS,
HELD AT GERMAN TOWN, PA., ON THE 12TH OF OCTOBER, 1883.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NARRATIVE OF THE CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN, THE SIXTH CORPS'
PART IN THAT CAMPAIGN, WHICH INCLUDES AN OFFICIAL LIST
OF CASUALTIES IN EACH REGIMENT IN THE CORPS, AND
ALSO THE NAME OF EVERY COMMISSIONED
OFFICER KILLED OR WOUNDED.

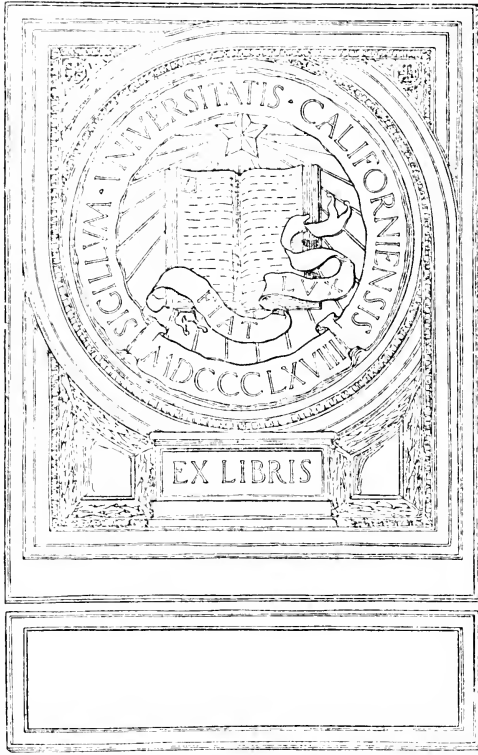
PREPARED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE FORTHCOMING HISTORY OF
THE SIXTH CORPS,

By G. NORTON GALLOWAY.

"We envy the name this regiment (Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers) has won in the niche of fame. It has proved itself every way worthy to be what we have attempted to describe. *An individual biography* would be an intensely interesting memoir of its prowess as well as exhibit the faithfulness and patriotism that have ever guided its movements. May the God of battles ever hold it in his keeping, and shower down blessings and consolation to those who have lost *Father, Brother, Husband, or Friend*, is the fervent prayer of thousands in this community."—*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch*, May, 1863.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1884.



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Dedication.

TO

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK,

KILLED BY A SHARPSHOOTER MAY 9TH, 1864, NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA
COURT-HOUSE, VA.,

AND

THE FALLEN BRAVES

OF THE

GLORIOUS OLD SIXTH CORPS.

THE AUTHOR.

ADDRESS.

THE "Union Cockade," and red, white, and blue ribbon fever was yet at its height, when the three months' volunteers returned to their homes from a brief campaign in Maryland and Virginia. The country was still in a state of excitement, and brisk recruiting was going on at all points.

Philadelphia had been and was still doing a noble work towards her share in suppressing the rebellion, and the South was just beginning to feel the reverberation of the "Ruffin Gun" fired by the Marlbourne Virginia farmer. The popular uprising, however, had not yet reached its zenith, for a distrustful element hovered about the horizon, which needed only to burst to give true color to the immensurability of a struggle begun somewhat on the principle of "*When fools take up the sword, wise people are compelled to take the shield;*" for many believed (and rightly, too) that our sister States of the South had foolishly taken up arms against a supposition of wrong; and we of the North, East, and West had only to lay hold on the shield to restore order.

A number of fine regiments had already left for the seat of war, under the new call of President Lincoln for three years' volunteers, and many others were in process of organization. The Washington Blues, a military company of Philadelphia, had been in existence since the 17th of August, 1817. Its first captain being Robert Patterson, late Major-General of volunteers (since deceased). At the outbreak of the rebellion it numbered seventy-five muskets, under command of Captain John M. Gosline, of Philadelphia, a tailor by trade, who had for many years been connected with the company. From it Company A of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Wm. D. Lewis commanding, was principally, if not entirely,

recruited for the three months' service. This company was officered by Captain Gosline commanding, with Gustavus Washington Town (a printer of Philadelphia) as first, and his brother, Thomas J. Town, as second lieutenant.

Upon his return from the three months' service, Captain Gosline, having been invested with the necessary authority by the War Department, on the 27th of July, 1861, proceeded in conjunction with his late lieutenants, the brothers Town, to raise a three years' regiment for the national defence. Of the regiment, afterward better known as the Ninety-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, it is now proposed to speak.

Not that this once famous body of men did more than their noble brothers of other name and number under the same flag, but that the writer has a fuller knowledge of its doings (having served his country with them).

Recruiting for "Gosline's Pennsylvania Zouaves" was begun on the 21st of August, 1861. The books of the first company (A) being opened on that day, at Sixth and Chestnut Streets, over the clothing establishment of Rockhill & Wilson, by Thomas J. Town, before mentioned, and forty-six men were enrolled in a few hours' time. All the companies, excepting "B," were recruited in Philadelphia and its suburbs, the latter company having been recruited in part in Burlington County, New Jersey, by Lieuts. J. G. C. Macfarlane and Wm. H. R. Neal. This company also established a rendezvous in Philadelphia, over the clothing establishment of Rockhill & Wilson, when the company roster was finally filled under Captain Enos Baldwin, who had been a first lieutenant in Company F, Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Companies C and D also were recruited at the same building, the former by Captain Elisha Hall, and the latter by Captain Jacob H. Beattes. Captains Beattes and Hall had also served in the Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the three months' service—Beattes as captain, and Hall as second lieutenant of Company F. Company E was recruited in Germantown, a wealthy suburb of Philadelphia, by Captain G. W. McCullough. Company F was raised in the neighborhood of Ridge (Road) Avenue, Vine, and Callowhill Streets, by Cap-

tain Edward Carroll. Company G had a general rendezvous at the armory of the Philadelphia Greys, a local military organization, on Market Street above Eighth, and a recruiting station on the corner of Forty-second and Market Streets, West Philadelphia. The company was raised by Captain William Pritner, who had been identified with the "Greys," for twenty-nine years, and who had just returned from the three months' campaign, having commanded a company in the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, under Col. Frank E. Patterson. Company H was recruited by Captain Francis W. Franklin, Chestnut Street below Eighth. Company I was recruited in the northern and western environs of Philadelphia—Manayunk and Roxborough—by Captain Timothy Clegg. Company I was largely recruited by Captain (afterwards Major) William B. Hubbs, and the rolls show the first muster of recruits to have taken place on the 23d of August, 1861. And Company K was raised by Captain Harry W. Hewes, its principal rendezvous being with Companies A, B, C, and D.

A camp for instruction, known as "Camp Gibson," was established in Jones's Woods, near Hestonville, West Philadelphia, and the organization was designated by the proper authority as "Gosline's Pennsylvania Zouaves," Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

As fast as recruits were enrolled and mustered in, they were sent to Camp Gibson and fitted out. While here permission was given the men to visit their homes, and remain for twenty-four hours at a time, at the expiration of which they were required to return to camp and report for duty. The companies were soon filled up, the majority of the volunteers being young men of high social standing, many holding positions of trust in the leading mercantile houses of Philadelphia.

Clothing, arms, and accoutrements were issued almost daily, and drilling commenced. Camp guard was mounted regularly, and a thorough system of discipline exacted from the men. The arms issued at this camp were the old Harper's Ferry altered muskets, which were subsequently exchanged

for the Austrian rifle with four-square bayonet. During the winter of 1862, at Camp Franklin, Virginia, the utter uselessness of these latter arms was fully demonstrated by its frequent use in target practice, by the several companies of the command, and subsequently after the regiment arrived before Richmond. In June of the same year this arm was exchanged for the Springfield Rifle, which was retained until the close of the war.

The regimental uniform was of the zouave pattern, and differed but little from other zouave organizations—Birney's and Baxter's—then forming in the city. It was manufactured by the firm of Rockhill & Wilson, Philadelphia, and consisted of the best material, heavy marine cloth. The jacket, which was of the sacque pattern, was open, and rounded at the waist, and trimmed with broad and narrow scarlet braid. Down each side was a row of brass buttons, adding greatly to its beauty and finish. The pants were of full length, not so wide as the regular "Zouave Petticoat," but just wide enough to harmonize with the pleated waist, in broad folds. The over shirt was of Navy flannel, with silver-plated buttons, corresponding with those on the jacket, but several sizes smaller. The cap was the McClellan style, braided with narrow scarlet braid. A pair of leather leggings nearly reaching the knees finished the uniform, which, upon the whole, was very neat and attractive. The officers' uniform was of the regulation pattern excepting the caps, which were trimmed with heavy bullion in "Pretzel work."

The following was the original roster of commissioned officers: Colonel, John M. Gosline; Lieutenant-Colonel, Gustavus W. Town; Major, Wm. B. Hubbs; Adjutant, Eugene D. Dunton; Quartermaster, John Haverland; Surgeon, Edward B. P. Kelly; Assistant-Surgeon, C. C. McLaughlin. Company A: Captain Thomas J. Town (promoted Major, commissioned Colonel, not mustered); First Lieutenant, Edward Freeman (promoted Captain of Company I); Second Lieutenant, C. S. Danenhower. Company B: Captain, Enos Baldwin; First Lieutenant, J. G. C. Macfarlane (promoted First Lieutenant, Captain, and Lieutenant-Colonel, not mus-

tered); Second Lieutenant, Wm. H. R. Neal (promoted Captain). Company C: Captain, Elisha Hall (promoted Lieutenant-Colonel); First Lieutenant, Hamilton Donohue; Second Lieutenant, T. D. G. Chapman (promoted First Lieutenant and Captain). Company D: Captain, Jacob H. Beattes; First Lieutenant, Francis J. Randall (promoted Captain, commissioned Major, not mustered); Second Lieutenant, Patrick Egan (promoted Captain of Company K). Company E: Captain, G. W. McCullough; First Lieutenant, William H. Miller; Second Lieutenant, Hugh Oscar Roberts (promoted First Lieutenant, Captain, and commissioned Major, not mustered). Company F: Captain Edward Carroll (promoted Lieutenant-Colonel); First Lieutenant, David Hailer; Second Lieutenant, Charles Shugrue. Company G: Captain, William Pritner; First Lieutenant, George Weest (promoted Captain); Second Lieutenant, Jacob Conrad. Company H: Captain, F. W. Franklin; First Lieutenant, J. B. W. Aydelotte (promoted Captain); Second Lieutenant, Huston Smith, Jr. Company I: Captain Timothy Clegg; First Lieutenant, John B. Maxwell; Second Lieutenant, John Laughlin. Company K: Captain Harry W. Hewes; First Lieutenant, Theodore H. McCalla (promoted Captain of Company E, and Major); Second Lieutenant, Michael A. Burke (promoted First Lieutenant and Captain). William John Campbell was Commissary Sergeant; Mardon Wilson, Jr., was Quartermaster Sergeant; Robert H. Porter, Sergeant Major; Thomas Noble, Hospital Steward; James M. Mann and Frederick Myers were Principal Musicians.

Attached to the regiment was a fine brass band, which had long been in existence, and ranked among the first local bands in Philadelphia. Its leader, Joseph Whittington, was an accomplished performer upon the cornet, and a musician of some celebrity. It was composed as follows:—

Leader, Joseph Whittington; David Algie, William H. Bovard, Henry Beaver, Willis Davis, William Donald, Thos. Fitzpatrick, William H. Heffron, John R. Hause, William Hinkle, Henry Klag, Adolph Miller, Martin W. Mann, George Murgetroid, Alexander McCrea, Abraham Ogden,

Benjamin F. Peterman, Joseph V. Peterman (Sergt.), Aaron Stevenson, Philip Sanderson, John Tenny, Frank L. Wagner, Sylvester Yardley.

The following is the Regimental Roster of Commissioned Officers (other than those originally serving): Corporal Henry E. Hindmarsh, of Company G, was promoted to be Adjutant, filling the vacancy made by the death of Adjutant Dunton, killed at the battle of Salem Church, Va., on the 3d of May, 1863. Thomas M. Laney and Jefferson Litz were Assistant Surgeons.

Company A: Captain, Alexander Boyd; First Lieutenants, Frank M. Harris, David Gordon, James S. Day; Second Lieutenant, William Stivers.

Company B: First Lieutenants, John S. Carpenter (promoted Captain of Company H), Thomas M. Field; Second Lieutenants, William J. Martin, John B. Thompson.

Company C: Captains, Thomas D. G. Chapman, Samuel S. Ford; First Lieutenants, Frank Stewart, Jacob A. Bisbing, Alexander H. Fry (transferred from Company I); Second Lieutenants, William J. Gelston (promoted First Lieutenant of Company H), John Southwell (promoted First Lieutenant of Company H), Michael Lawn (transferred from Company K).

Company D: Captain, John A. Ward (promoted Major); First Lieutenants, Samuel H. Town, William B. Spooner; Second Lieutenant, Conrad Miller.

Company E: First Lieutenant, James E. Hews; Second Lieutenant, William Foreman.

Company F: Captain, William Byrnes; First Lieutenant, William J. Macdonald.

Company F (a new company assigned to the regiment in the spring of 1865): Captain, Thomas P. Smith; First Lieutenant, Samuel Johnson; Second Lieutenant, Henry L. Esrey.

Company G: Captain, George P. Wood; First Lieutenants, Enoch McCabe, Joseph Vickery (promoted Captain of Company A).

Company H: Captain, Samuel H. Jones; First Lieutenant, James J. Carroll; Second Lieutenant, George R. Helmick.

Company I: Captains, David F. Foley (promoted to Major), John Harper (promoted from First Sergeant of Company G to

Sergeant-Major, Second and First Lieutenants, and Captain of Company I; thence to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and was finally commissioned Colonel, though not mustered as such); First Lieutenant, Samuel Topham; Second Lieutenant, Marshall C. Hong (promoted Captain, transferred to Company C).

Company I (new company added to the regiment in April, 1865): Captain, Jacob C. Schuler; First Lieutenant, William Sharpley; Second Lieutenant, Samuel Rutter.

Company K: First Lieutenants, James Hergesheimer, Edwin McEwen; Second Lieutenant, Jacob Weber.

Between the 21st of August and the 11th of October, 1861, ten full companies had been recruited, clothed, armed, and equipped, and were ready for the field. On the latter day Col. Gosline received orders from the War Department to report with his command to Brig.-Gen. Silas Casey, at Washington, D. C.

All necessary arrangements were completed by the evening of the 11th, and orders issued to each company commander to have his men in readiness to move by 10 A. M. of the 12th. Accordingly permission was given to the men to visit their homes and families, and spend the last night with them. Soon after the issue of this order nearly the entire regiment could be seen wending their way from Camp Gibson towards the city, all in good spirits and anxious to make the most of the indulgence granted them.

The passenger railway cars running from the western part of the city were taxed to their utmost capacity in conveying the men to their homes, and many were compelled to walk for want of accommodation. The morning of the 12th broke bright and clear, and at a very early hour squads of the regiment were making their way to camp, all eager and ready to go to the front. By 10 A. M. the men had nearly all reported, and the long expected order came to "Break camp; "Pack up!" In an instant all hands were busy in packing knapsacks, rolling tents, and loading up the baggage. Three days' cooked rations had been ordered, but their issue, in many cases, was not necessary, as the men had supplied themselves

with a goodly store of more palatable and delicious articles of food. In just one hour's time (11 A. M.) after the order had been given, all the companies were in line and ready to move. Many civilians, friends, and relatives of members of the regiment were in camp witnessing the final preparations for the march, and followed the regiment to the city. About 11 A. M. each company marched out of its street, "A" leading, and filing to the left on Hestonville Road. We reached the city about noon, and paraded through the principal streets; marching down Chestnut to Third, thence to Washington Avenue, being loudly applauded and cheered at almost every point. The houses along the route were handsomely decorated with the national colors, and this, together with the "Union window-shutter ties" and the waving of handkerchiefs and miniature flags by the ladies and children, made up a gay scene. Marching down Washington Avenue to Second Street a halt was ordered; stacking arms on the north side of the avenue, we unslung knapsacks, thence proceeding to that noble institution, the "Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon"—and just here I must pause in my narrative to do honor, though in a feeble way, to that grandest of all retreats, where more than 600,000 mouths were generously filled, and where the tired found rest, and the sick and weary comfort and medicine.

[If the city of brotherly love did nothing more than establish this refreshment saloon during the rebellion it were enough and more too; but it is not my province to write of Philadelphia's wondrous work—the world knows it all. I do want to say here, though, that upon many occasions when conversing with the men from other States, when told that we were from Philadelphia their faces lit up at once and they were quick to recognize her care for the soldiers, exclaiming, "Oh, yes! that's where they fed us so well." "Yes, that's the greatest place in the country!" and "We'll never forget that place as long as we live!" And the writers on the late war will never cease writing about it, for in almost every work one sees something concerning that once great establishment on the Delaware, in glorious, generous, enlightened Philadelphia.]

We took position on either side of the long tables, which had been prepared expressly for us, and were not long in doing justice to the substantial viands with which the tables were loaded. The ladies (God bless them) will ever be remembered for their kindness to us. Gentle hands prepared neat parcels, which were placed in our haversacks, then taking our canteens, they filled them with coffee and milk, thinking nothing they could do for us a trouble. Thus, having been well cared and provided for, we, proceeding to our stacks, were ordered into line. We now moved out Washington Avenue, preceded by our band, which discoursed lively music. On arriving at the Baltimore Depot at Broad and Washington Avenue a lengthy halt was made, prior to embarkation.

At the depot an unusually large number of people had congregated anticipating our arrival; many of them the relations and friends of our men, nearly all holding mysterious looking packages intended for some dear one. Many of the volunteers' families were present entire, and here and there could be seen the wife holding the little one to kiss the father, and in another direction could be seen the father holding his child in his arms until the last moment, with mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts clinging to their nearest and dearest ties reluctantly. Some little time elapsed before we were ordered aboard the train, now in readiness (6.30 P. M.). The crowd had increased to a multitude by this time, and an almost indescribable scene was being enacted. At length the command rang out, "Get aboard!" when each company filed into the cars assigned to it, and by 7 P. M. the entire command, numbering 932 all told, were safely "aboard" with but two exceptions, a captain and lieutenant, who remained to take charge of some recruits at the rendezvous of their company (K).

The screeching whistle now gave notice to the surging thousands that the boys were going off to the wars indeed, for it was not until this moment arrived could they realize the fact that they were parting perhaps never to meet again on earth, or the great sacrifice which they had been called upon to make in order that the Republic, founded, joined, and cemented by our forefathers and their blood, might be kept

together and the plans of the conspirators thwarted. Shortly after daylight of the 13th we arrived safely in Washington; some little delay was caused in leaving the cars and forming, and it was 7 o'clock before the orders were given to move. Our first halt was made on the border of the town, before an unsightly looking barrack of great dimensions; our first impression was that we were going to be domiciled in this shedding; but, however, this thought was soon dispelled upon casting our eyes about, for we soon discerned a small sign above the entrance which read thus: "Soldiers' Retreat;" this was the Washington Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. Oh, what a striking contrast between the two—the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon at Philadelphia and the saloon for refreshing volunteers at Washington. The former might have compared favorably with the best restaurants in any northern city, while the latter, sad to say, was, without comparison, an institution peculiar in itself. The tables were of the roughest splint-pine boards, bare of any covering whatever; black coffee was served in tin-cups from horse buckets, and stale bread devoid of taste, cut in slices an inch and a half thick, constituted the Sunday morning's meal offered at this place, and that was hastily partaken of whilst we stood in the presence of a huge slice of the immortal swine which was nailed conspicuously to a post in the centre of the barracks; tantalizingly it seemed to say, "Take a look, that's all you'll get."

Upon reporting his arrival to Gen. Casey, Col. Gosline was instructed to encamp his regiment on Kendall Green. Gen. Casey's command, to which we were now attached, was known as the provisional brigade, was encamped on Kalorama Heights and Meridian Hill, and consisted of the following troops (at this time): Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth New Jersey Volunteers, a battalion of District of Columbia Volunteers, Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, and Col. Miller's Eighty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was assigned on the 13th of October also. We now moved in that direction (Kendall Green) and after a short march through the outskirts of Washington, reached the spot selected for our camping-ground. This was just on the brow

of a pretty green hill, about two miles north of the Capitol, it was called Kendall Green in honor of its owner, Hon. Amos Kendall, who was at this time living in Texas; it had been the camping spot of the famous Sixty-ninth New York, of "Bull's Run" notoriety, and its lovely, velvety appearance gave a charm to the deep forests beyond, whose stately oaks were now beginning to change their clothing.

On the 23d October, Colonel Gosline received orders from Gen. Casey to parade his regiment on the twenty-fourth, the latter having selected the command as escort to the remains of the late Colonel Baker (1st California Regiment), who was killed in the affair at Ball's Bluff, on the twenty-first of October, 1861.

Our regiment at this time was much admired for its handsome appearance, and had in a brief space of time won many friends in Washington. It was indeed an honor to have been selected for such an office as this, in the presence of so many older and well-disciplined troops now in Washington, not a few of whom were of the regular army. We were as yet untaught in the manual of arms, especially in the funeral exercises. At so short a notice, it could hardly be expected that the men could be thoroughly instructed in these points, but Colonel Gosline resolved to "put them through." The previous day had been wet, and the ground was unfavorable for drilling; but at 4 P.M., we were on the parade ground, and quite a lengthy course of instructions in "loading," and "firing," and the "reverse," and "ground arms," with the always awkward "fix" and "unfix bayonets" passed through. It was quite amusing to see how some of the men who, probably never, previous to the Rebellion, handled a musket, managed to manipulate the heavy and clumsy weapons with which we were armed. Many were in the act of "grounding," whilst others were raising their pieces; and in the other movements *vice versa*. After a few lessons, however, we, with wonderful adroitness, overcame these (at first seemingly difficult exercises), and with a short instruction on the morning of the 24th, prior to leaving camp, exhibited a marked improvement in all these movements.

Soon after 10 o'clock on the morning of the 24th we moved from our camp (as we have before stated, to attend the obsequies of the late Colonel Baker), and about one hour later halted, near the residence of Colonel Webb, Fourteenth and H Streets, where, after a short rest, we moved on the right of the line, with our right resting on Thirteenth Street. At noon precisely we moved off, left in front, down Thirteenth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue, thence to the Congressional Cemetery, a short distance east of the Capitol. At the conclusion of the lengthy and impressive ceremonies, the Ninety-fifth fired three volleys over the grave of the lamented dead General and Senator, from an elevated position a few paces off. These volleys had a saddening effect as they echoed through the little valley in which the remains then reposed. It was 5 o'clock when we reached our camp at "Kendall Green," somewhat tired and hungry.

A few extracts from the journal of the writer at this time will no doubt be listened to (read) with interest.

On the 28th of October we paraded at 10 A. M., soon after marching to Washington, by way of Seventh Street, and halting on the beautiful high ground, known as Capitol Hill. Here about thirteen regiments had assembled to take part in a grand review, ordered by Gen. McClellan. About 2 P. M. the review began, and was witnessed by many of the citizens of Washington, as well as a great number of strangers from other parts. Early in the day Colonel Gosline received orders to the effect that his regiment had been assigned to the brigade of Gen. Oliver O. Howard, the same order instructing him to march on the twenty-ninth, and report to that officer for duty near Bladensburg, Maryland. In accordance with these instructions, marching orders were issued to the several companies on the same evening. At this review we obtained our first glance of Gen. McClellan, and many stretched their necks eagerly over the field after the "Young Napoleon." McClellan expressed himself delighted with the "Gosline Zouaves," and was more than once heard to say, "good, good, my boys," as some bit of fancy marching which the regiment did pleased him. Gen. McClellan at once took measures to have the order

assigning the "Gosline's" to Howard's Brigade abrogated, which caused us some double marching a few days later.

On the 29th (Oct.) reveille was beaten at 5 A. M. Immediately after breakfast we were ordered to break camp. About 9 o'clock we took up the line of march, reaching "Camp Union," Bladensburg, some eight miles distant, about noon. We were here brigaded with the Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers, Colonel Isaac P. Rodman and the Sixty-first New York Volunteers, Colonel Spencer W. Cone (a regiment which afterward furnished two famous Generals to the service, Francis C. Barlow and Nelson A. Miles). Colonel Miller's regiment (Eighty-first Pennsylvania), was also assigned to Howard's Brigade at that time.

Orders were given, on the arrival of the officers' baggage and camp equipage, to "pitch tents in regular order;" but while thus engaged, and when about half way through with the work, another order was issued, to "be ready to move at 5 A. M. on the 30th." This last notice was not received in the same spirit as its predecessor, for we had not yet begun to realize the fickleness of military orders, especially those relating to encampments. The tents, however, were pitched in a temporary manner, and towards evening our band enlivened the scene with sweet music.

On the 30th (Oct.) reveille was beaten at 5 A. M., when we struck tents, and about 9 o'clock took up the line of march to the tune of "Carry me back to Ole Virginia Shore." Our place in the brigade being taken by the Fifth New Hampshire, Colonel Edward E. Cross, moving off on the Washington Pike, passing Fort Lincoln, after a dusty march of about seven miles, we arrived in the neighborhood of the Long Bridge, near the junction of Maryland Avenue and Fourteenth Street, now about 1.30 o'clock. Here the beautiful Potomac met our gaze, and that remarkable structure—the Long Bridge—darted before us, in its mile of length, like some disjointed street swung for our accommodation.

Having obtained a few moments' rest and some refreshments of "tack" and pork, we again resumed our march, and reached the Virginia shore about 2 A. M., passing through the gates

of Fort Jackson. About 6.30 A. M. we entered Alexandria in splendid order with our band playing "Captain Shepherd's Quick Step." This seemed to inspire each man with new vigor and prepare him for the long journey yet ahead. Marching the entire length of the town, we passed out at its southern extremity, and crossing Hunting Creek, a small tributary of the Potomac, continued southward beyond Fort Lyon. By this time the day was far advanced and we began to think that something must be wrong. What could it be? Now and then a halt was ordered, then a forward movement, what did it mean? "Are we ordered to Mt. Vernon?" ran through the ranks. For we were not a great distance from that place. No! After some delay it was discovered that the guide who had been sent with Col. Gosline had taken the wrong road; instead of turning to the right at King Street and marching out the Leesburg Turnpike, he had led us almost due south. So soon as this mistake was discovered the order to "face about" was given, and, marching left in front, we began a retrograde movement which might have proved our entire annihilation, had not Providence interposed, in the shape of some wise precautionary measures, but a moment in time.

Marching in a northwesterly direction across the country towards Fairfax Seminary, our guide thought to lessen the distance to Gen. Franklin's headquarters (our point of destination being near that place). But in so doing he had led the regiment nearly up to the guns of Fort Ellsworth (blunder No. 2), the garrison of which had no knowledge of our being on the road, and already alarmed, were prepared to give us a warm reception with grape and canister, having taken us to be a body of the enemy, coming from the direction which we did and through the darkness, now about 9 P. M. A halt was at once ordered and an explanation made, when we were ordered on. Passing Fort Ellsworth, we struck a road running between Shuter's Hill and Alexandria Heights. Crossing the Leesburg Turnpike we marched north, and about 10.30 P. M. arrived at the headquarters of Brig.-Gen. John Newton, having been assigned to the command of that officer, which formed the third brigade of Gen. Franklin's division

of the Army of the Potomac (which organization had just been completed).

Passing through the camp of the Eighteenth New York Volunteers, we halted just a little north of their encampment and occupied "Camp Franklin," previously used by Col. J. McLeod Murphy's Engineers (Fifteenth N. Y. S. V.). As soon as our arrival became known throughout the brigade, a general feeling of friendship sprung up which will never be forgotten. Tents and cook-houses were thrown open alike, and shelter and food given to our fatigued and hungry men.

We had marched all day through the dust without food save a scant lunch, partaken of before crossing the Potomac. To add to the misery of this unfortunate march, the regimental teams became mired about six miles below, and so remained until the next day. Ever green be the love in our hearts for the extraordinary kindness of the Eighteenth New York. Grateful members of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania will ever cherish its memory for the manner in which they were entertained by them on that occasion, and the kindly fire kindled that night to warm us burned brightly to the end. The two regiments seemed not to live for themselves alone but for each other; and often on the weary march and on the bloody battle-field shared one another's fare. This friendly feeling existed alike in both officers and men.

The morning of the 31st was bracing and bright. Somewhat rested and refreshed we began clearing the ground, and upon the arrival of our teams about 10 A. M. (for which it was necessary to send a detail to help them out of their difficulties), we began the work of arranging camp in the following order:—

A, F, D, I, and C right wing, B, G, K, H, and E left wing, with the company's streets running east and west.

The "A" or "wedge" tents being pitched on the north and south sides with all the uniformity of military precision; at the eastern approach to each company's street was pitched the officers' marques, and east of these, and about the centre of the eastern boundary was the colonel's headquarters and regimental staff, the whole forming a delightful retreat and

pretty encampment. The western approach was reserved for a drill and parade ground, and being level it therefore offered splendid advantages for field movements. This land was a part of the property belonging to the Rebel General Robert E. Lee, and was about two miles and a half west of Alexandria and about midway between the Leesburg Turnpike and the Alexandria, Loudon, and Hampshire Railroad, in the vicinity of Four Mile Run—a small stream which flows into the Potomac about four and a half miles above Alexandria.

Gen. Franklin's Brigade (now Newton's) was organized on the 4th of August, 1861, and was the Seventh Brigade of Gen. McClellan's "preliminary organization," at that time the "Division of the Potomac;" it was now composed of the following troops, viz., Eighteenth New York Volunteers (Albany Rifles), Col. William A. Jackson; Thirty-first New York Volunteers ("Montezuma Battalion"), Col. Calvin E. Pratt; Thirty-second New York Volunteers (First California), Col. Roderick Matherson; and the Ninety-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, at this time known as the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania.

The troops of Franklin's Division, with two or three exceptions, had taken part in the battle of Bull's Run, Franklin's old Brigade being then under the command of Col. Thomas A. Davis, whose own regiment, the Sixteenth New York (now of Slocum's Brigade), was also attached to his command.

Col. Davis's command in the battle of Bull's Run constituted the Second Brigade of the Fifth Division.

Thus it will be seen that Newton's Brigade, first commanded by Col. Davis (afterward Brigadier General), next by General Franklin, became the nucleus around which the great Sixth Corps in the Army of the Potomac grew up and spread its branches over so many bloody fields in the South; extending its power and increasing its might until it became a terror to the conspirators and branded its appellation—the "Bloody Sixth"—with fire and sword upon the Confederacy, and lapped the last gore from the Rebellion's heart through the veins of Petersburg. One or two incidents of our camp life in old Camp Franklin may not be uninteresting at this time.

On the 10th of February we experienced our first difficulty with the bayonet—for the drill known as “McClellan’s Bayonet Exercise,” was to be added to our manual. We had already had squad, company, battalion, and brigade drill; skirmish drill and target shooting, and now the “French” or “McClellan’s Bayonet Exercises” must have a place in our code of tactics.

It would be difficult to conceive more ludicrous attitudes than those presented in this exercise. To at once assume the proper position was a difficulty not easily overcome, and required much practice. It was, too, the first time we had ever attempted anything so intricate in the way of drill requiring so much skill and fine judgment, and it was no wonder when the command “guard” was given that many did not know what to do, and in following the example set by a non-commissioned officer, that they at once endeavored to imitate a pair of scissors stuck in the ground, or a half-imbedded corkscrew struggling for liberty, and it was no wonder that when the command was given, “leap to the rear,” that many lost their equilibrium and went head over heels, greatly to the amusement of their comrades, who had acted “leap frog” a little more satisfactorily to themselves. However, time and much persistent drilling brought about the desired result, and long ere the spring opened all these difficulties had been overcome.*

* Attached to the regiment was a drum and fife corps, which, after much persistent practice, upon reaching the field, became a useful adjunct to the command. Recruits for a drum corps generally were taken into the woods adjacent to their camp, and there taught to beat the drum for several hours a day, until they became proficient. The first exercise given to a pupil on the drum is “De Dada, mama,” “dada, mama,” and is known as “Daddy, Mammy.” The racket and din kept up by the students of this noisy instrument were something awful, and gave rise to the following rhymes:—

“Dada mama,” “dada mama,”
 “Dada mama,” “dada mama.”
 “Flamadiddle,” “Paraddiddle,”
 “Flamadiddle,” “Paraddiddle.”
 “Do,” “Do,” “Do,”

At dress parade one morning a little incident occurred which created quite a stir in camp. About midway on the parade ground was a certain mark to indicate the commanding officer's position when the battalion was on parade. At this spot some one had placed a very neat, square package, done up in white paper and marked thus—

“Fit for hogs, not for Goslines.”

On this object the keen eyes of Col. Gosline soon fell, and during the formation of the battalion he picked up the package and examined its contents—finding it to contain about half a dozen flint-like and mildewed army crackers (having stamped upon one side “Pilot Bread, 1810”), which were so worm-eaten and mouldy that they could not be used by the men. Some persons unknown to the colonel had placed this package as we have just stated. It is useless to say to those who knew Col. Gosline, that a few hours later two companies of the Ninety-fifth were seen wending their way towards the Little River Turnpike for a three days' tour of picket duty, and it was not their regular turn either.

All day long I hear some kid, till
Weary of the drum I grow,

“Yankee Doodle,” “Wood Up,” “General,”
“Doublings,” “Troop,” and “Saul” for funeral,
“Double Quick,” “Retreat,” and “Water Call,”
“Police,” “Cease Firing,” and “beat” for “drummers all,”
“Peas upon” “*Entrenchments*,” “Come, get your Quinine,”
The “Quick Retreat,” “Attention,”—“fall in”—line!
“All Sergeants Call” Those ebony devils o'er
The parchment roar,
And thus it is the Sergeants answer—
“All present, or accounted for.”

How I wish his “diddle-diddle,”
“Double Drag,” and “fiddle-fiddle,”
“Ruff,” and “Flam,” and “Paradiddle;”
“Tattoo,” “Taps,” and “Single Draggie,”
Had followed the cow in “High ding diddle,”
Or, been with “Mac” in some “Skedaddle,”
Ere he learned to “diddle daddle.”

Camp near White Oak Church, Va., February, 1863.

The long dreary winter past, and the seeds of discipline sown in Camp Franklin were to bring forth their fruit. Our promenade with the Army of the Potomac to Fairfax Court-House and Manassas and return, through disappointment and mud, to our old camp, were choice morsels for army gossip; then came the second movement in the direction of Manassas; the detachment of a large portion of McClellan's army (the First Corps now under Gen. McDowell, of which the Ninety-fifth was a part) which breaking into our Chief's plans, Gen. Franklin, our first and beloved division Commander, called the "First Great Crime of the War." Doubtless many of you, my comrades, remember the gusto occasioned by the reception of an order received whilst on the march from Bristow Station, a locality remembered only for its misery and red clay, to "about-face" and return to Alexandria, and it was this order that bent our course Peninsulaward. At West Point, on the seventh of May (1862), the Ninety-fifth received its baptism of fire, and had the honor of opening the fight at that place; here its first blood was spilled for the Union, and its first experience in the horrors of war obtained. Captain Beattes, of Company D, was the first commissioned officer of the regiment wounded, and was the victim of an explosive bullet. Here we encountered the famous "Texas Rangers" and Wade Hampton's "Legion" of South Carolina, and also saw for the first time, what we had often read about, our men with their throats cut and bodies shockingly mutilated. The fighting was done principally by Newton's Brigade, the Thirty-first New York Volunteers and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers sustaining the greatest loss.

Our arrival before Richmond, reached by pleasant cantonments among the sweet pines* of Virginia, and encampment on

* The Pines of Virginia often played an important part in the history of our army life, and were many times the theme of some poetic effusion. The erection of bowers to ward off the sunbeams; construction of picket-huts and corduroying the roads. The use of pine wood for fuel which, when green, would emit a nasty, disordering smoke, damaging to the sight. We used to cut pine branches with which to decorate our camp on festive occasions, and many times, whilst on the march through some dense thicket, have had the

the border of the miasmatic Chickahominy in the midst of diarrhoea and death are among the things we never can forget.

springy limbs of some stubborn bush fly back and switch our faces. The charcoal burner, also, had his abode in the pines, before Richmond. The following lines were written after a varied experience among the pines, much like the above, and are supposed to be an Eastern soldier addressing the pines upon different occasions. The lines should be read in a nasal tone of voice, and after the manner of an address.

“YANK IN THE PINE WOODS.”

(Building picket huts.)

Oh! vegetable coniferous!
 Conoid and conoidical!
 Consanguineous of the “Balm of Gilead,”
 Conjunctively sylvanus,
 We conquassate, or “Yank” thy branches,
 And in consarcination we confiscate thee for our ranches.

(Erecting summer bowers.)

Oh! vegetable resinous!
 We “Yanks” guess
 That thy mellifluent branches will “just” shelter our “mess,”
 Whilst we, like old *Bouzebeus*, sing,
 Or with the rozin’d bow torment the string
 Of some old “fiddle” thing.

(In winter quarters, fires in our huts.)

Oh! vegetable lachrymary!
 Copiously lachrymal!
 Dost ever,—don’t say “nary”—
 Note the lachrymation
 Thou causest us to lachrymate,
 When we ignite thy limbs a little “ig” to circulate,
 And our “dwellings” to illuminate?

Oh! much vexed question of light and vim,
 Fain would we douse thy glim,
 Or *aus* thy dark—black—effluvium.
 Thou sight disorderer unto our “mess,”
 And disturber of our lithargickness.

(Repairing and corduroying the roads.)

Down, busy devil, down, and say I laid thee there,
 One more “corduroy” thy “seat” to repair,

On the 18th day of June we crossed the Chickahominy, and on the 27th of the same month the disjointed battle of Gaines Mill

Repair'd, alas! not as "mammy" does with stitches,
 But plastered fast to thine old corduroy "breeches,"
 Perhaps, a blessing from some tired mule we may inherit,
 (For this noble action of our spirit)
 Or, a "cuss" from the woodowner in which "cuss" you "bet"
 The "Yanks" are never left, no not a cuss'd bit.

(Marching through the pine woods.)

Inspissated turpentine, or wine, or juice of the pine!
 Or, by whatever name thou art turned into rhin—
 O! low limbed, stiff-stem'd setaceous vegetable,
 Serviceable, *bakerable* and *wedgitable*,
 Dost ever think,
 How thine elastic and switchback branches
 Cause us to wink?

(In the pines before Richmond.)

Tar, pitch, or turpentine,
 Or by any other line (of names by which thou art known),
 Thou art a mine (of wealth)
 To the *pix liquida calx* of old North K-line,
 When charr'd from Jersey pine and just now our uncle's
 clime requires some such incineration from another of thy
 bosky relation (willow) to aid him at his ignivomous
 station, which literally translated, or by other name
 means,
 Vomiting fire into Richmond-on-the-Jeem's.

(Among the pine saplings.)

Spinous spiral, thou has no spissitude
 (That is grossness or backbone.)
 Like thy giant relatives bearing larger cone.
 Uncle Samuel's boys, therefore,
 Will not tackle thee with incendiary paw,
 But spare thy funicular limbs,
 For other lore.

(Among the pines, Christmas times.)

Oh! vegetable coniferous—noël-like—Christmas,
 Yet, thou art not the tree—Christmas—for our "mess."
 Ours be a crimson one,
 Trimmed by some "son-of-a-gun,"
 To make the "Johnnies" run;
 There be "nary" a sugar-plum
 For us in this business.

—the 2d in that sanguinary series, known as the seven days before Richmond was fought. The story of this battle (Gaines Mill) is a tragic one, sanguinary, terrible. It was here that the brave and soldierly Colonel Gosline fell. It was here that that brave soldier, Major Hubbs fell, and Lieutenant Hamilton Donohue was killed. Captain Edward Carroll and Lieutenant Hugh O. Roberts were wounded, and Lieutenant Thomas D. G. Chapman was taken prisoner. And it was here that, when the night shut out the horrors of the day, we came to realize that nearly two hundred of the Ninety-fifth's officers and men were stiff and bleeding, one hundred and sixty-nine being afterwards accounted for as killed and wounded, and more than twenty-two hundred of our division were dead or gasping in the thick woods and marshy places along the Chickahominy.

The Ninety-fifth shared in all the engagements and fatigues of the memorable period—McClellan's change of base—and reached the James River on the 2d of July. On the 15th of August, at the evacuation of Harrison's Landing, we marched to Newport News, and from this point reached Alexandria by transport. A few days much-needed rest was here enjoyed, and some new clothing distributed to the men. The terrible scenes now transpiring on the plains of Manassas, and in the vicinity of Bull's Run, in Pope's command, suddenly put a stop to this brief respite, and the regiment with its corps in a forced march, after much dallying, reached the ill-omened battle-field just when the red tide of destruction began to lash the wreck it had made, and hurl the *débris* upon the high hills thereabouts; it was here, and at this time, that the tide of death was stayed, and the enemy put back to sea. The battle

(Cutting evergreens for our tents.)

We sub thy death,
 Thou needled prickly devil!
 And that's where these coniferous Yankee caputs are level,
 We shall content ourselves by plucking the sweet cedars hereabouts,
 Our tents to grace,
 And leave thy pesky knouts,
 To our foes *cinq*ue *pace*.

Near Bank's Ford, Va. (Burnside's Mud March), Jan. 22, 1863.

and storming of Crompton's Pass, in the South Mountain, on the 14th of September, 1862, was a brilliant little affair, and it was all our own; I mean, it was the work of our first division. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, in the early autumn, and it was a glorious victory; the first after so many defeats, it acted as a new inspiration. It was here that the Ninety-fifth in advance of its brigade, in a spirited charge up the acclivities of South Mountain, nearly one thousand feet above the level of the green fields at its base, put the rebels to route, capturing many prisoners, a piece of artillery, and the entire paraphernalia of Anderson's rebel division. The gun taken by us was a pet piece with our enemy, having the name "Jennie" painted upon the limber, and some other lettering which stated that it was presented to a Georgia battery by the patriotic ladies of that State. Horses, caisson, all complete, were captured with the "Jennie." The Ninety-fifth next marched with its division to Antietam. We were hurried into that action just as Stonewall Jackson's victorious men were sweeping the forests and ploughed fields in the vicinity of the little Dunker Church, and the scene was blue with fleeing Nationals. We were hastily formed from a marching to a charging column, and though worn down with fatigue and worried by heat and dust, we forced the Confederates back to "bloody lane" and "Hooker's woods," holding the ground in front of the "Dunker Church" and the "dead line," "bloody cornfield" and "bloody lane," receiving the congratulations of Generals Franklin, Slocum, and Newton, for this opportune stay of a fresh onslaught of the enemy. The battle of Fredricksburg, December 12th to 16th (a dire failure), was a dark period for us; we were under a new commander—Gen. Burnside—and this disaster to our arms led to the darkest times in our Nation's history, no pay from "Uncle Sam," loud complaints about our Commissary, and "shoddy" clothing, sickness, death, desertion, and "Burnside stick-in-the mud," in which we all took a miry bath, followed. Under Gen. Hooker, Burnside's successor, in February, 1863, our condition was much improved, and we enjoyed a season of rapid changes for the better; Gen. Hooker's mode of procedure worked miracles

in the Army of the Potomac, and the darkness which o'erhung the Union camps was soon dispelled, and in a few weeks' time our new commander, "Fighting Joe," succeeded in organizing what he was pleased to term the finest army on the planet. On the 28th of April, 1863, we left our winter camp—our comfortable quarters around White Oak Church—and at the first peep of day on the 29th accomplished a hazardous undertaking, for which we of the Ninety-fifth, and one other regiment—the One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania—had been especially selected. This was the crossing of the Rappahannock, surprising the enemy's pickets, and the seizure of his works, which commanded the vicinity of Franklin's crossing. With what trembling anxiety we embarked in those shaky, unwieldy scows, the forty pontoons set apart for our mission, these reminiscences may awaken the mind afresh to. And freighted down as we were, too, provisioned for eight days, and transformed into portable ammunition magazines, for we had one hundred rounds of cartridges hidden somewhere about us in our secret places for thunder. Do you ever think of those times, boys, without heaving a sigh of relief? On the 3d of May, about noon, our gallant second division, under Gen. Howe, stormed and carried Mary's Heights, the Gibraltar of Virginia, and the blood hill of 1862. The 3d of May was a beautiful Sabbath day, and the trees and bushes were all redolent with the songsters of Old Virginia; but there were other songsters in Old Virginia at this time, and these were Sedgwick's boys in blue; we were happy, shouting and singing; the Heights were ours, and the celebrated Washington Battery was among the trophies won.

Let me give you a little picture of what befell our first division. As usual, it was another battle Sunday. How we quicken our pace as we enter Fredericksburg, and seek its environs; our first division now takes the lead, and how we snuff the fray impatiently a little way off. Russell's Brigade, at this time consists of two small battalions, the One hundred and nineteenth and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania. Its companions, two years' troops, are upon another part of the field; Bartlett's Brigade takes the left of the Gordonsville Plank

Road, and from our gallant "Jersey boys," the first brigade, a line of skirmishers is thrown forward. The "Johnnies" are on the go, but they halt once in awhile, and dispute the road with us. This sort of thing, however, becomes monotonous, for we have had about three miles of it, and we make a rush, bent upon making a big haul of the enemy, and clearing the way for a free advance, that we may join the forces on our right, to whither we have been ordered. But this was the beginning of the disaster of the day, on our part of the line. Just in front stands Salem Church, which is a kind of citadel for our enemy, and as we dash forward the blaze and smoke from ten thousand rifles, and a counter-charge of the rebels upon either unprotected flank, send us back to the shelter of our batteries; not, however, without much stubborn resistance on our part; 'tis a fearful moment, and the batteries on both sides are aiding in the work of destruction; that old and peculiar "yell" is heard above the din, and the air trembles with strange noises. McLaw's and Anderson's Divisions have reached this part of the field, sent down from Lee's front, and our devoted little band of ten small battalions are now out-flanked and o'erwhelmed. Again the Ninety-fifth has been torn to pieces, and many of its noblest soldiers bite the dust whilst struggling in their bloody rags.

Our gallant Col. Town, whose heroic form lent a certain charm to our soldier life, was killed whilst inspiring in stentorian tones his little command to deeds of valor. That true and gentlemanly soldier, Lieut.-Col. Elisha Hall, was also killed, Adjutant Eugene D. Dunton was killed, and Major Thomas J. Town was painfully wounded; nearly two hundred of the Ninety-fifth's officers and men were down, and the regimental organization completely shattered. Thirteen commissioned officers, five of whom were killed and eight wounded, and one hundred and sixty-nine enlisted men were killed and wounded, and thirty-seven prisoners were the total casualties in the Ninety-fifth in this engagement. Never did men bear up better under adversities like these than did that handful of heroes of the Ninety-fifth when ordered to picket the field the night of that battle.

On the 6th of June the Ninety-fifth crossed the Rappahannock for the third time, and shared in the dangerous operations on its former line, Mary's Heights and Fredericksburg; and in that great campaign, the second Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Gettysburg, it was with Sedgwick when the Sixth Corps made the greatest march on record to reach any battlefield. Thirty-nine miles in nine hours' marching, and it reached the field, too, when its presence was most needed, burnt out by a July sun and almost unrecognizable by dust.

On the third of July it shared in the manœuvres of the Sixth Corps, when scarcely two brigades of that corps were together; the major portion of its regiments being sent hither and thither to reinforce our struggling comrades. One of the cleanest sweeps ever made of the Confederates was that by Gen. "Dave" Russell and Col. (afterwards Maj.-Gen.) Emory Upton's brigades at Rappahannock Station on the 7th of November, 1863.

More than sixteen hundred prisoners (chiefly from the celebrated "Louisiana Tigers"), eight battle flags, four cannon, two thousand small arms, and one pontoon bridge were the trophies in this pretty affair, and the Ninety-fifth had a share in it.

Meade's campaign of manœuvres, which culminated in the battle of Locust Grove on the 27th of November, 1863, and our sufferings in the demonstrations in the Wilderness, on the line of Mine Run, in the stormy and bitter weather of December, closed a year in which we had enjoyed but little rest.

Our encampment on the romantic Hazel River, in Culpepper County, on the property of the celebrated John Minor Botts, was a season of real enjoyment, and our camp-fires burned to some purpose. We had crossed the Hazel by special permission, and our pretty encampment in one of Botts's stately forests, with its marvellous cabins and officers' quarters, all the handiwork of Yankee craftsmen, was a wonder in its way, with its miles of corduroy footways. It was called the model camp in the Army of the Potomac, and was more than once the subject of correspondence North.

Whilst at this camp two hundred and forty-five of the

original members of the Ninety-fifth re-enlisted for a second term of service, being the first regiment in the Army of the Potomac to re-enlist as an organization, and the value of this example set by the regiment to the army, Gen. Upton was not slow to acknowledge in his indorsement upon all our regimental documents at this time.

However, the spring of 1864 drew nigh and with it a new commander, Gen. Grant, who made his headquarters with us, and the Army of the Potomac was reorganized. We began the great campaign under Grant on the 4th of May, 1864, reaching the Wilderness the evening of that date. From now until the crossing of the James River the story is one of blood and carnage, and for forty days and nights it was one continuous battle. Our beloved and much lamented Lieut.-Col. Edward Carroll ("Lame Ned," as the boys delighted to call him) was killed whilst in command of the regiment on the 5th, shot dead almost at the first volley from the hidden foe in one of the waste places of nature in the Wilderness, so wild and forbidden that we were compelled to crawl like snakes whilst worming our bodies through some devilish entanglement.

In the evening of the 6th of May the Ninety-fifth was caught in the whirlwind which demolished the right of our line, under Seymour and Shaler, and with its little brigade was dashed to pieces; but, thank God, we had a Sedgwick, an Upton, and a Russell with us, who quickly put the pieces together again, and the illustrious Wright and Upton, with the aid of the "North Star" mended the entire right flank of our army. It was the Ninety-fifth boys that Upton chose to assist him in this dangerous work amidst the blackness of darkness, and we succeeded too.

On the 8th we shared in the preliminary engagements in reaching Spottsylvania Court House—Alsop's Farm—and on the 9th, a day long to be remembered, the enemy robbed us of our corps chief, grand old John Sedgwick, the sublime, who was so familiarly known to us all as "Uncle John."

" Oh noble Sixth Corps—tried and true Sixth Corps,
 Though you have been saddened by the death of many comrades,
 Did you ever weep for a comrade like this ?
 Are your deeds so high, your banners so glorious now,
 That he who directed them is fallen ?
 Are your lost ones so low, now that he slumbers among them ?
 Ah, well may you speak softly,
 Lips that have shouted defiance ;
 Well may you toll softly guns that have rung conquest at his will.
 He sleeps ! Let the battle sleep for a time—
 He honored the battle, let the battle do him honor."

On the bloody 10th of May the regiment was on the skirmish line, and towards evening was with the twelve picked regiments which stormed and carried the rebel works upon the ridges around Spottsylvania Court House, charging into that hell caldron near the famous salient, capturing nearly eleven hundred prisoners and nine cannon besides numerous colors and accomplishing the destruction of two rebel brigades—Rodes' and Doles'. This charging column was again led by the gallant young Upton, and its glorious results were the first approach to victory since the opening of the campaign. The price paid for it, though, was a great one—our best blood being poured out. Unfortunately, however, the captured works could not be held, and we were obliged to retire leaving the guns behind.

On the 12th of May took place the most desperate struggle of which history gives any account. The battle at Spottsylvania Court House—the "Bloody Angle," the "Slaughter Pen." This was the point of Gen. Hancock's *fait d'armes* at day-dawn on the 12th. The battle raged furiously for fourteen hours, and it was here that we cut down the famous red oak ; it was here that within a space of three hundred yards thirteen hundred and twenty dead rebels, all shot in and about the head and face, lay the next morning. It was here, too, that every mounted officer and man was dismounted in a moment of time, and it was here that we expended four hundred rounds of ammunition per man. And it was here that the Ninety-fifth won imperishable laurels.

We append in a note what Gen. Upton says in his official

report concerning that action, and which he a short time before his unhappy end repeated in a letter to the writer.*

* "FORT MONROE, Va.,
August 31, 1878.

DEAR SIR:—

The following are some of the facts relative to the battle at the "Angle," near Spottsylvania C. H., on the twelfth of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

On the morning of that day the Sixth Corps was in rear of the right of the army, but on the receipt of the news that Hancock's Corps had captured several thousand prisoners and a large portion of the works in the vicinity of the Lendrum House, it was ordered to that point as a support. Our brigade was at the rear of the corps, and when the corps got into position, occupied the right of the line. The brigade had scarcely halted when I received orders to move in double time to the support of the right of the Second Corps. Starting the brigade in double time, the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania leading, I galloped to the crest at the "Angle," and from thence could see the right of our troops extending along the works to the point where the twelve regiments of our corps made the assault on the tenth. I could also see a second line of works, the same we encountered and captured on the tenth; about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards in front of the line then in our possession. This second line appeared to be unoccupied. After reconnoitring the position, I rode back to the head of the Ninety-fifth, ordered it to take a steady step, and then conducting it to the crest, intending to pass over it and move on to the right of the line.

But on arriving at the crest I saw that the flank of the troops had been turned, and that they had been compelled to abandon the intrenchments to the point where I then stood. A moment after, as the head of the Ninety-fifth, still marching in double time, crowned the crest, it received the full fire of a line of battle, occupying the second line of works, already referred to. Instead of attempting to go over the crest, the head of the regiment inclined to the right; it then followed the crest until the left or rear rested on the works, when I caused the men to lie down and open fire.

Had the regiment given way, there can be little doubt that the fruits of the gallant charge of the Second Corps in the morning would have been lost. But in a few moments the One hundred and twenty-first New York, the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania, and the Fifth Maine came to its support; while the Jersey Brigade passed into the woods on the right. Shortly after, the whole of the First Division, Sixth Corps, was engaged at the "Angle," and immediately to its left our right.

At the point where our line diverged from the works, the Union and Confederate soldiers were face to face. A few yards to the enemy's left (our right) were the traverses of a four-gun battery, which had been captured in the morning. It was between these traverses, which proved a charnel-house

One hundred and ten of the Ninety-fifth were killed and wounded at the Angle, and, strange to say, eleven of the wounded men had the left arm amputated. Not more than one hundred and thirty-seven men answered roll-call for duty in the Ninety-fifth after this battle.

Two days later, on the 14th, we were thrown across the Ni River and participated in one of the hottest little pieces of work that it has ever been our lot to engage in. This was a diabolical affair, and was known as Bleak Hill or the Galt House. A day or two after this our fast thinning brigade numbered but eight hundred and thirty muskets, exactly one-half with which we had crossed the Rapidan (and the losses were the same throughout the army).

The battles of North and South Anna River and destruction of the Virginia Central Railroad must not be forgotten, and the Ninety-fifth, too, had the honor of being the first infantry to cross the Pamunkey River, accomplishing this in an all-night march with Sheridan's cavalry, in which we caused our four-footed brothers to rest first.

to the Confederates, that they kept up a more or less continuous fire during the day, and, as I was informed, till nearly three o'clock next morning, when they abandoned the position.

The tree was not the only evidence of the amount and accuracy of our fire. The top logs of the works and the traverses were splintered like brush-brooms, while the oak abatis in front was completely shot away. From nine-thirty A. M. till about five-thirty P. M., when our brigade was relieved, these traverses were immediately in our front, and the front of the other brigades of the Sixth Corps which came to our support.

The "Angle" was first captured by the Second Corps, and during the prolonged conflict of nearly eighteen hours, was held chiefly by the Sixth Corps.

A few days after the battle, Major-General Birney, of the Second Corps, volunteered to me the information that in his official report he would give to our brigade the credit of saving the day.

Very truly yours,

E. UPTON,
Brevet Maj.-Gen'l U. S. A.

To G. NORTON GALLOWAY,
Philadelphia, Pa."

Our independent movement to within six miles of Richmond, Hanover Court House, and Mechanicsville, and spirited combat with Lee's advance and narrow escape from being captured, are memorable events, as are, also, the twelve awful days and nights battling at Cool Arbor, June 1st to 13th inclusive, where we took and held the only portion of rebel works captured by the army. These works were captured on the 1st and 3d by a portion of Ricket's (Third) Division and Upton's Brigade (First Division) of the Sixth Corps. It was a sanguinary piece of work, and a few days afterwards we were obliged to live in the earth, eat blood, drink blood; for did we not eat the gory biscuit from out our dead brothers' haversacks? and drink the water from the only spring we could find, and which hourly our comrades' corpses were coloring with their life-blood, picked off by the enemy's sharpshooters.

We slept with the dead, too, and built our breast-works upon them, scooping the earth up with tin cups, plates, and bayonets, and in a few days the glacis of these works became so honeycombed by the enemy's fire that they bled a sickening fluid, most insufferable. Great God! It was the flesh of our comrades melting away, and this was a sojourn in phantomdom; for at night about the battle-field the dead stalked, dragging their ghostly garments, as it were, through the thousand pools of blood, which by this time had so impregnated the atmosphere with foul odors, that some fears of a pestilence were entertained.

Grant's forty days and nights' battle ended at Cool Arbor, and on the 18th of June we were entrenched, and having our brains knocked out in front of Petersburg. Among the commissioned officers of the regiment wounded up to this time were Adjutant Henry E. Hindmarsh, and Lieutenants David Gordon, Company A (acting Aide-de-camp to Gen. Upton), Samuel Topham, Marshall C. Hong, Company I, and Edwin McEwen, Company K.

Our raid to Ream's Station, in support of Wilson's and Kautz's Cavalry and return to the works about Petersburg, and action at Davis' Farm, conjure up fresh visions of a busy past;

nor must it be forgotten that it was a detail of one hundred men from the Ninety-fifth that began, and labored assiduously upon that celebrated work known as Fort Sedgwick, better known as Fort Hell, and it was whilst we were engaged in its construction we were suddenly called to the defence of Washington and the Capitol, which now owes its existence to the brave men of the old Sixth Corps.

Snickers's Gap, Summit Point or Flowing Spring, in the Shenandoah Valley, we can only give a passing word to. Opaquon, or Winchester as it is sometimes called, fought on the 19th of September, 1864, was a glorious victory to our arms. It was here that, when Gen. Upton was so severely wounded that he could not get about, set an example to the world for bravery almost unparalleled, and showed that the American soldier can have no superior when fighting for that which is noble and just. Gen. Upton, though racked by pain and suffering, from loss of blood, refused to relinquish his command, and was borne o'er the field upon a litter, directing the battle until victory crowned the day. Was ever such bravery surpassed in man?

It was here that that princely soldier, Gen. David Allen Russell, our division commander, was shot dead by a cannon-ball passing through his body; he, too, like the brave Upton, was wounded (mortally, it was afterwards discovered), and would not leave the field until death called him.

Two days afterwards we were at Fisher's Hill, capturing guns, colors, and prisoners, and chased Jubal Early through the entire night, coming out fourteen miles beyond the battlefield in the morning.

The brilliant affair at Chapman's Farm, near New Market, after a six mile skirmish with the fleeing foe to Mt. Jackson, in which the late lamented Captain Byrnes, of Company "F" was severely wounded, the double battle of Cedar Creek (Middleton), said to be the most remarkable engagement of any war, and where our much reduced battalion of re-enlisted veterans lost nearly two-thirds of those on duty, the destruction of Early's army and devastation of the valley are all sacred thoughts to us of the dear old Ninety-fifth.

The original term of the regiment having expired on the 16th of October, 1864, those officers and men who had not re-enlisted for a second term left the field, under command of Captain F. J. Randall (Company D), who had been acting Major of the regiment (commanding) during a part of the sanguinary campaigns just passed through, and reached Philadelphia on the 19th (October). The re-enlisted veterans and recruits of the regiment, and those of the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers were now re-organized, consolidated, and known as the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Captain John Harper (Company I, Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers) was soon after commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment.

Our work was not yet complete. Returned to Petersburg; an active winter was passed through. The battle at Hatcher's Run and the severe fighting in front of Fort Fisher cost us many lives.

During the winter our ranks were filled, and later on the strength of the regiment was added to by the presence of several new companies.

On the 2d of April, to the Sixth Corps was assigned the honor of breaking the lines of Petersburg, and that day the Ninety-fifth was in the midst of all the glory which crowned that eventful morning's toil, and gave peace to our distracted country. The guns, colors, and other paraphernalia of war, the capture of which was shared in by the Ninety-fifth, became the trophies of the Sixth Corps, and redound to the glory of the whole. But it was Corporal Fox of the Ninety-fifth who captured the flag of the Confederate Custom-house at Petersburg, having been presented with a medal for this act of bravery by the United States Congress.

At the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6th, the last blood of the regiment was spilled.—God bless our noble dead!

It was a signal victory over the foe, and a great day for us.

Suffice it to say now that the Ninety-fifth was with Grant at Appomattox Court-house on the 9th of April, 1865.

During the Ninety-fifth regiment's three years and nearly nine months' services, its casualties in battle were eight hun-

dred and forty officers and men, one hundred and ninety, or a little more than one-fourth of these, were killed outright, or died of wounds received in battle. Eleven commissioned officers were killed, five of whom were field officers; twice the regiment was left without a field officer or Adjutant, and passed through the entire campaign from the Rapidan to the James. First. Petersburg campaign, Washington, and Shenandoah Valley campaigns without a commissioned field officer. As the Ninety-fifth was the most unfortunate regiment in the entire service—as to its loss in field-officers—(five were killed in battle, and one died from disease, and one was wounded in battle) it is believed to have been the healthiest also, but thirty-three deaths having occurred from disease; remarkable, when we consider that between twenty-three and twenty-four hundred names appear upon the regimental roster. But five deaths occurred from accidental wounds, or carelessness. And most of the two hundred and eight cases of desertion in the regiment occurred soon after the organization reached Washington, and later on those who deserted were the “professionals,” who joined as recruits, induced by the large bounties offered. Many of its members were much below their majority, and but few were married, Company E containing but four married men. The average age of the members of the regiment was 22 years. The Ninety-fifth was mustered out of the United States service on the 17th of July, 1865, and reached Philadelphia on the 19th, when it was paid off, and finally discharged on the 24th (July).

The work of the glorious old Sixth Corps, too, was finished, and the achievements wrought by its noble sons were now a part of the history of our country. What of the countless deeds of that once magnificent body? What of its unparalleled marches? What of its hundred battles? What of its forty thousand casualties in those battles? What of its seven thousand miles of marching and counter-marching? What of its nearly two thousand miles of travel by boat and rail? What of its captures? What of its prowess in war? And what of its saintly dead?

Sedgwick, Russell, Bayard, Taylor, Bidwell.

New York: Marsh of the Sixteenth; Jackson of the Eighteenth; Daniels of the Thirty-first; Matherson and Lemon of the Thirty-second; Faxon of the Thirty-sixth; Wilson, Visscher, Wallace, and Fryer of the Forty-third; Bidwell, Johnson, Holt, and Ellis of the Forty-ninth; Riker and Hubbell of the Sixty-second; Higginbotham and Hamblin (the latter died soon after the war) of the Sixty-fifth; Townsend of the One hundred and sixth; Dwight, Brower, and Clapp, of the One hundred and twenty-second.

Pennsylvania: Birney of the Twenty-third; Hulings and Miles of the Forty-ninth; Rippey, Spear, and Crosby of the Sixty-first; Gosline, Town, Hall, Carroll, Harper (the latter died soon after the close of the war), and Hubbs of the Ninety-fifth; Martin of the Ninety-sixth; Kohler and Beamish of the Ninety-eighth; Patterson, McIlwaine, Coleman, and Poland of the One hundred and second; Truefitt of the One hundred and nineteenth; and Moody, McKean, and Snyder of the One hundred and thirty-ninth.

New Jersey: Kearney, Collett, and Hatfield of the First; Tucker and Wiebecke of the Second; Taylor of the Third; Hatch of the Fourth; Ryerson of the Tenth; Vredenburg, of the Fourteenth; Fowler and Boeman of the Fifteenth; and Van Houten of the Twenty-first.

Vermont: Stone and Taylor of the Second; Dudley of the Fifth; Barney, Crandell and Dwinell, of the Sixth; Dillingham of the Tenth; Chamberlain and Buxton of the Eleventh.

Massachusetts: Parker and Miller of the Tenth.

Maine: Heath of the Fifth; Burnham and Haycock of the Sixth; Marshall and Jones of the Seventh.

Wisconsin: Wheeler and Emery of the Fifth.

Rhode Island; Slocum and Ballou of the Second.

Connecticut: Kellogg and Rice of the Second.

Massachusetts: Russell of the Seventh.

Ohio: McIlwaine of the One hundred and tenth; and Ebright of the One hundred and twenty-sixth.

Maryland: Prentiss of the Sixth. Tolles of Wright's Staff murdered by guerillas; Ohlenschlager, of Sheridan's Staff (formerly of Hexamer's Battery, Sixth Corps), murdered by guerillas. To this list might be added the hundreds of Captains and Lieutenants of the Sixth Corps who gave up their lives that the Republic might live; and also the thousands of heroes from its ranks.

From its loins (the Sixth Corps) sprang the great school of officers, whose names shall live as long as the people of the earth shall have power to pronounce them, and deeds of valor adorn the pages of history, until types and ink are known no more. Well may we point to the Sixth Corps and say, Here was John Newton, the greatest of living engineers, born; here was Slocum born; here was the dashing Torbert born. Upton, the great tactician, McKensie, Brooks, Burnham, Montgomery, the two Birneys (David Bell and William) both Major-Generals, Davidson, whose name was a terror to the secessionists of Missouri. The great "Baldy" Smith, Hancock called the superb, or as he has been styled the whirlwind of the army of the Potomac. Franklin, Kearney, Couch, Devens, Stannard, Cochran (John) Shaler, Graham, Peck, Abercrombie, Ayers, Davies* (Thomas A.), and the gallant Brevet Major-General N. Martin Curtis (of towering stature, who rose from a captain in the Sixteenth New York, and won undying glories at Fort Fisher), Howe, Neill, Bartlett, Connor, Lewis, Fisk, Briggs, Cobb (Amasa), Brevet Major-General Robert McAllister, Campbell, Rowley, Pratt Vinton, Baron Von Vegesack, Stoughton, Harry White, Bassett, McClennan, Collier, Jack-

* On page 20, for "Davis" read "Davies."

son and Homer, Stoughton, of the First United States Sharpshooters, Allen, Weber, William H. Seward, Jr., Wright, Ricketts, Getty, Seymour, Grant (Lewis A.), Keifer (J. Warren) (Speaker of the United States House of Representatives), Ballier, Penrose, Edwards, Wheaton, Foster, Hyde, Warner, Truex, and Hall.

A singular fact connected with the history of the Sixth Corps is, that it invariably encountered the same troops of the enemy upon all general battle-fields, and even when thrown into the Valley (Shenandoah), it met its old foe of former fields, and captured men for the third and fourth time in different actions.

Thus in closing, let us say of the grand old Corps, as Ruskin has so beautifully said of the "Fighting Temeraire," Americanizing a few words: Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot—resistless, and without reply—those triple ports, whose chores of flame rang forth in their courses, into the fierce revenging monotone which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of 'the *Union*,' those sides that were wet with the long rivulets of 'American' life-blood, like press-planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign dropped, steep in the death-stilled pause of *southern* air, burning with its witness, cloud of human souls at rest, surely for these some sacred care is left in our thoughts, some quiet space amid the lapse of 'American' waters.

We have stern keepers to trust her glory to. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the soldier's child lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the "Old Fighting Sixth."

The last act performed by the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania as

an organization, occurred on the 4th day of July, 1866, when a majority of its survivors assembled in old Independence Square and delivered up the colors intrusted to their care. Two war-worn, blood-stained, and bullet-riddled standards*

* The old flags carried by the survivors on the occasion of this reunion were the original banners borne by them through all the bloody scenes of strife until February, 1864; the National flag being one of a set of colors presented to the regiment at "Camp Franklin" in 1862.

The following extract, from the writer's diary of that time, tells the story of that presentation:—

"November 11, 1861. At 7 o'clock P. M. a number officers of the regiment met at Col. Gosline's headquarters for the purpose of appointing a committee from its number to receive a delegation of gentlemen from Philadelphia, having in charge a set of colors intended for presentation to our regiment. Three officers were, after some little deliberation, chosen to represent us, Adjutant Dunton being one. It was now agreed that this committee start early the next morning for Washington, where they arrived at 10 o'clock (A. M.). Meeting our friends from Philadelphia, they at once proceeded to "Willard's" (a famous resort) for rest and refreshment.

"Reaching Camp Franklin at retreat, our friends were entertained by Col. Gosline. This party of gentlemen were Dr. Joseph R. Cood, William J. Bayne, Charles Hogan, William H. Maurer, Nathan Hall (father of Captain Hall), Cornelius Hall, James Daly, Sr., and Mr. Altmeyer.

"The 14th broke with a dull atmosphere and some likelihood of a shower. At 9 o'clock A. M. a special dress parade was held, at which our friends (the color committee) were treated to some extra manœuvres on our part, and a number of fine selections by our band. At the conclusion of these exercises Dr. Cood, in a few patriotic words (and in behalf of our lady friends in Philadelphia, to whose patriotic endeavors we are indebted for these colors) presented a fine set of colors to the regiment; the National flag being handsomely inscribed, bearing our number and synonyme—54th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (Gosline's Pennsylvania Zouaves"). Col. Gosline now acknowledged the gift in a brief address. Two silk guidons, intended for presentation at this time, did not reach the regiment until the last of November. After the ceremonies of presentation had ended, the day was given over to a sort of feast of ale and flow of 'Commissary,' and in this our neighbors, the 18th New York, shared. An invitation having been given to them to participate in our festivities, Mirth, music, song, and 'gymnastics,' crowned the whole, and it was a day we could look back to with pleasant memories."

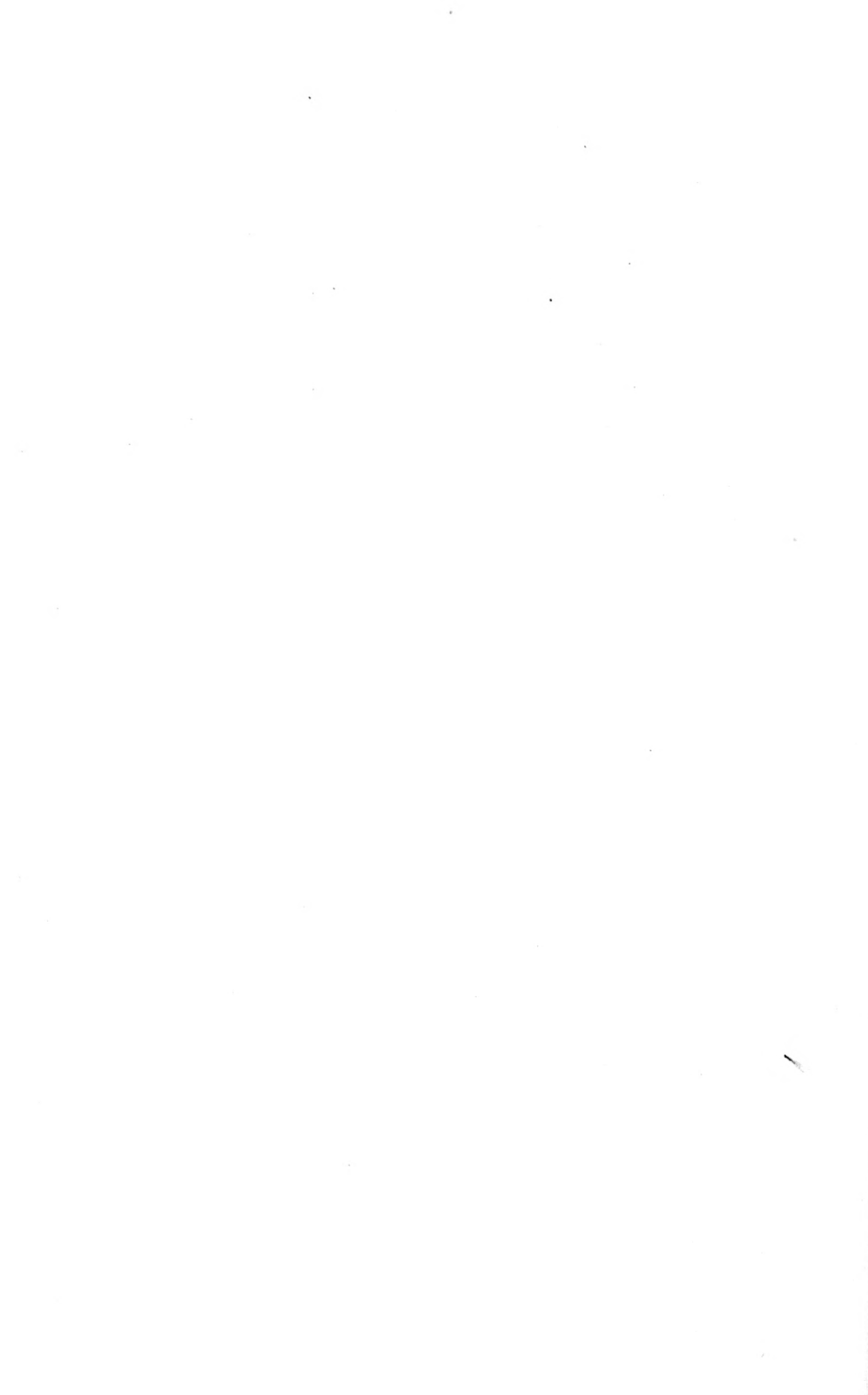
The idea of this gift of colors originated with a few lady friends of the regiment in Philadelphia, of whom Mrs. Mary Ann Gosline (wife of our Colonel) was the leading spirit. Mrs. Gosline's associates were Mrs. William H.

were handed in, which are now at Harrisburg in the keeping of the State Government. These tattered banners were all in all to us, and we love their faded folds. What the bald pate is to the old man, what the silver tresses are to the aged woman, what the seared leaf is to the stately forest oak, what the whitened grass is to the parched field, and what the pale drooping leaf and narrowless pithy stalk are to the shining golden ear peeping out from its snug wrapper, and what the dutiful child is to the aged mother who, after her strong life and care and warfare with the world is over, lies down to rest in peace, these seared banners are all this to us.

Maurer, Mrs. Jacob H. Beattes (wife of Captain Beattes), and Mrs. Charles Hogan. When the organization left Philadelphia it was unprovided with colors, and the reason assigned for this slight was, that the regiment had been raised independent of the State, Colonel Gosline having applied direct to, and received his authority from the War Department to raise the regiment. This action of Colonel Gosline created some little feeling on the part of the State authorities, and this is also the reason why we lost our real number in the State line of Pennsylvania troops. Having been assigned a number, 45, in the beginning of our recruiting operations, then being changed to the 54th, and finally to the 95th regiment. It became a matter of some jest for a while whether we should ever obtain a number we could call our own. Before these colors were given to us we used to borrow the flags of the 3d U. S. Infantry to parade with, and sometimes paraded with out colors. Some time after we had received our colors we were presented with a stand by the State, Governor Curtin being present at the ceremonies.

CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

SEDGWICK AND SALEM HEIGHTS.



CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

As the Chancellorsville campaign was the most important one in which the Sixth Corps participated, and as the name of Gen. Sedgwick has been associated with Hooker's failure in that campaign as the primary cause, it was thought best by some of our comrades to have a narrative of that brief campaign published in connection with the foregoing address. The story has been drawn from various sources of official information.

General Hooker organized a campaign, to start about the 13th of April, but heavy rains and other causes compelled him to wait for more favorable weather, which the dawn of spring did not promise. Meanwhile, an unusually rainy season held his army in bondage, and licked out the hillsides, filling the already abominable roads up, and floated their corduroys away like miniature lumber rafts, to the streams in the vicinity which feed the Rappahannock River.

At length, on the 27th of April, circulars of instruction were sent to the different corps commanders; and on the same day, Gen. Hooker, in an address to the troops of his command, which was read at the dress parades held at retreat, told them what he expected them to do, and the chance he would give them to do it.* Hooker now had well in hand a magnificent body of men, of all grades, and engines of war, which

* Hooker's plan, which was only made known to those high in office, was to move the major portion of his army, unobserved, to a point some twenty miles to the right above Lee's position, cross the river with his whole force, strike the enemy in the flank and rear, and force him to battle outside of his strong works, if he would save his communication with Richmond. In such an event Hooker felt sure of victory.

he was pleased to term the Finest army on the Planet. His order to his Cavalry Chief contained the following characteristic paragraph: If you cannot cut off from his column (meaning the enemy) large slices, the General desires that you will not fail to take small ones. Let your watchword be *fight*, and let all your orders be, *fight! fight! fight!* bearing in mind that time is as valuable to the General as the rebel carcasses.

We were to carry eight days' rations, and one hundred rounds of ammunition. Some of us in the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania were curious to know just what this amount of freight, of which we were to be the human trucks, would weigh. So we equipped ourselves, and stepping upon the scales at the Quartermaster's headquarters, found that we weighed just eighty-eight pounds more equipped than we did unequipped. We threw away our clothing and converted our knapsacks into portable pantries, filling them with pork and crackers, and we renounced the use of our haversacks in favor of cartridge boxes. Thus were we freighted down with war's paraphernalia, until many groaned with pain at the very idea of such an incumbrance, and some of the men cursed the "fool" whose brain had given birth to such an idea. It was on this account that the rebels, after the battle of Chancellorsville, called Gen. Hooker the "Confederate Commissary." According to official statement, the Army of the Potomac now numbered 119,661 men. The Burnside system of "Grand Divisions" was broken up, and the army re-organized into seven corps. Gen. John F. Reynolds commanded the First; Gen. Darius N. Couch the Second; Gen. Danl. E. Sickles the Third; Gen. Geo. G. Meade the Fifth; Gen. John Sedgwick the Sixth; Gen. Oliver O. Howard the Eleventh; Gen. Henry W. Slocum commanded the Twelfth. Just here, I wish to say something of the corps badge and its origin, also that collection of pretty banners, each bearing a mysterious device, and known as head-quarter flags. These were the classics of the battle-field and the weird of war. This system of corps badges or "tell-tales" was adopted by Gen. Hooker for the army soon after his taking command. The First Corps was desig-

nated by a Sphere. The Second by a Trefoil, or what the men called the "Ace of Clubs." The Third was designated by a Lozenge or Rhomb, and was called the "Ace of Diamonds," its different divisions being called the Red Diamonds, the White Diamonds, and the Blue Diamonds.

The Fifth Corps was a Maltese Cross, and the Sixth Corps badge was the Greek or St. Andrew's Cross, and was worn by some after that fashion. Many of the Roman Catholics, however (notably those in Thirty-first New York) had a regular Christian symbol, shaped of the goods furnished for the purpose, and might easily have been mistaken for Knights Templars. The Sixth Corps badge was the most abused of any in the army, and is to-day. It should be worn as St. Andrew's Cross is represented, and a fac-simile of General Hooker's original drawing, now in possession of the writer, shows the mark in that fashion. The Eleventh Corps badge was a Crescent or half-moon; and after the battle of Chancellorsville and stampede of Howard's men the Eleventh Corps was facetiously called the "flying half-moon." The Twelfth Corps' mark was a Five-pointed star. This scheme for marking the army grew out of an idea which originated with Gen. Kearney. Whilst on the Peninsula, after the battle of Fair Oaks, the officers and men drew their clothing alike from the quarter-master, and much difficulty was experienced in distinguishing an officer from a private soldier. Kearney then prescribed a red patch, which he ordered must be worn on the cap crowns of the field and staff officers in his command, and that all officers of the line wear the same in front of their caps. This was known as the "Kearney patch." There was no mark worn by the private soldier at this time. The main object with Gen. Hooker in thus decorating his army, was to prevent straggling or straying off in the different commands, and to put upon each individual soldier a "tell-tale," or, as it would be termed now in the parlance of the street, a "give-away." This system worked to a charm, and Gen. Hooker was exceedingly proud of it. Almost the last letter written before his death, and the very last relative to his connection with the Army of the Potomac, was to the writer, and in that letter he particularly speaks of this system of corps

badges, remarking that it was instrumental in accomplishing wonders for the army. The color for the First division's was a bright crimson. The Second division's was white. The Third division's was blue, and the Fourth division's (Sixth Corps only) green; this latter division we never see represented in any of our "Army of the Republic" processions. Each corps, division, and brigade was designated by a flag bearing its symbol. These were oblong and triangular in shape (the latter shape for brigades) and made so as to be numerically distinguishable by the placement of certain strips which were in all cases the color worn by a division.

Our cavalry was well horsed and equipped, and 400 guns constituted the artillery force of our army. In Hooker's army at this time were about 40,000 two years' troops and nine months' men, whose term of service would expire upon the eve of the campaign. The Sixth Corps numbered 22,000 men, among whom were three nine months' regiments New Jersey troops, and seven battalions New York State troops, two years' men. The Sixth Corps was composed of four divisions, the First under Brig.-Gen. Wm. T. H. Brooks, the Second under Brig.-Gen. Albion Paris Howe, and the Third was commanded by Brig.-Gen. John Newton (now of Hell Gate fame). Attached to the Sixth Corps was what was known as a "Light" or "Flying Division," originally commanded by Col. Calvin E. Pratt (Thirty-first New York). Col. Pratt was succeeded in the beginning of the campaign by Col. Hiram Burnham (Sixth Maine Volunteers).

The left wing of Hooker's army was under Maj.-Gen. John Sedgwick, and consisted of the First and Third Corps (Gens. Reynolds and Sickels) and Sedgwick's own Corps, now temporarily under Gen. Newton. The First and Third Corps aggregated about 35,000 men, and increased Sedgwick's command to 57,000. However, on the morning of the 20th of April Sickels with his Corps was ordered to join Hooker at Chancellorsville, and on the morning of May 2d Gen. Reynolds's Corps was taken from Sedgwick, also joining Hooker on the right.

Lee's army had wintered in the neighborhood of Fred-

ericksburg, the fords of the Rappahannock and its tributaries, and now numbered about 69,000 men with 170 pieces of artillery. Its equipollence was the same as Hooker's.

HOOKER'S NINE DAYS' CAMPAIGN.

Opening of the campaign of 1863. Battles of Chancellorsville, Franklin Crossing, Bernard's Farm, Bowling Green Road, Deep Run, Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, and Bank's Ford.

At 6 P. M. on the 27th of April we of the Sixth Corps received orders to march on the following morning. Reveille was beaten at 5 A. M. on the 28th, but owing to a rain-storm which set in at early hour, the order to strike tents was not given until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we formed in line, bidding farewell to our camping ground, and taking up the line of march, shaping our course in the direction of Franklin's Crossing on the Rappahannock, thus commencing the campaign of 1863 (the whole army now in motion). On the 28th Gen. Hooker with 10,000 cavalry and three corps of infantry, Meade's, Howard's, and Slocum's, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, seven miles above Fredericksburg, while the First, Third, and Sixth Corps under Sedgwick, remained upon the north bank of the Rappahannock watching the enemy, and by a show of force led the Confederates to suppose that the whole of our army was still in its original position. In this way Hooker was enabled to inaugurate his offensive movement without molestation from Lee. The First Corps was to cross at Pollock's Mill Creek, and the Third Corps was expected to act as a support to the First, and the Sixth Corps was to make active demonstrations upon the enemy in front, across the river, upon Marye's Heights. After a tedious march through mud and rain, the Sixth Corps halted in line of battle upon the crest of a hill skirting the north bank of the Rappahannock, where we prepared to spend the night, partaking of an improvised supper—the usual camp or bivouac fires not being allowed. About 10 o'clock in the night we were aroused and informed

that the first division (Sixth Corps) was to cross the river. The third brigade (Russell's) was to be the van, and to the regiments One hundred and nineteenth and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania of Russell's brigade was assigned the hazardous and important duty of surprising the enemy's pickets, now in force upon the opposite side, and taking possession of the telegraph roads in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

At 10 o'clock in the night Russell assembled his colonels and told them the parts he wished them to take in the silent drama. Forty pontoons were to be mysteriously launched upon the dark waters of the Rappahannock, and sixty men allotted to each boat. The play was "Surprise," and the curtain was to be rung up at midnight, so our officers informed us. As this was the case, we of Russell's brigade who had been cast for the more important parts began to rehearse at once, and in the calm, misty hours, whilst our comrades lay unconscious in dreams in rear of their stacks—a silent audience—we went through our scenes in perfect harmony, and were soon dead-letter perfect. We "fixed" and "unfixed" bayonets so deftly that we could scarce hear ourselves at the work, and we deployed as skirmishers and charged an imaginary foe in his unseen rifle-pits. Four men of the Fifteenth New York Engineers were assigned to each boat as oarsmen. The boats were to go and return until the whole of Russell's brigade had reached the opposite shore, when a bridge was to be laid down. This movement was to have been made at midnight, but Gen. Russell—whose precaution was paramount to the possibility of a failure in the execution of his orders should his judgment dictate it—declared that he was not going to make a "Balls Bluff" affair of his operations, and delayed the order for his brigade to move until the first peep of day. Before describing the movement which followed, let me call attention to a description of the country on the left of Fredericksburg. From the top of the hills on which our lines were formed, overlooking the river the land sloped abruptly, and in some places narrow ravines gullied the hill sides obliquely to their base in a much vexed declivity. Through some of these roads

were constructed, thereby enabling our artillery and pontoon trains to reach the comparatively level ground immediately adjacent to the river bank, which is very steep, and in some places presents a bluff appearance, being fringed with light timber. The southern bank of the stream, where we were to make the crossing, was the same locality on the river as in Burnside's campaign in December, 1862, and was known as "Franklin's Crossing." This presented the same abrupt water-front, rising from fifteen to twenty feet above the river. A few rods back from the river bank rises another range of bluffs from forty to fifty feet in height, and then the open and slightly rolling land of the Bernard Farm is presented to view. All this land is that which was manœuvred over by Franklin's "Left Grand Division" in the first battle of Fredericksburg, a little more than three months previous.

Upon receipt of the order detailing the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania for the advance, Colonel Town notified his company commanders, and preparations were at once commenced for its execution. The writer's company, commanded by Captain George Weest, was detailed to act in conjunction with other details as skirmishers after the crossing had been secured. About 11 P. M. the Ninety-fifth and One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania (Col. Peter C. Ellmaker), were put in motion; feeling our way in silence down the rugged hillsides in the gloom of a drizzling rainy night, we reached their base and joined the pontoniers, who were busy unloading the unwieldy boats from their trucks.

To each one of these pontoons a company of soldiers were assigned and assisted in getting them to the river.

This was a slow and fatiguing process and consumed much valuable time; finally the scows were shoved down the steep bank and launched; the pontoniers taking their places at the oars, the troops soon after embarking filling the boats to their utmost capacity.

The near approach of dawn necessitated a prompt movement on our part; everything being in readiness, the order to "shove off" was given by Gen. Russell, who accompanied the movement.

As the boats moved out upon the dark waters and felt the effect of the current they drifted together, causing much difficulty to the men at the oars. Our whole attention, however, was now directed to the opposite shore. What reception would we get? Were the enemy apprised of the movement and waiting to give us a murderous volley while in this crowded and almost helpless condition? for it seemed to us almost impossible that the noise unavoidably made in launching forty large pontoons, and the little tumult created in filling them with troops, would pass unnoticed by the watchful pickets of the foe. As we neared the opposite bank of the river, which is of no great width at this point, our eyes were strained to catch the first dim outlines of the shore. Soon the shadowy forms of the trees along the river bank loomed up in the misty dawn, and whilst we seemingly held our breath in zealous vigilance, there was a crack of a rifle, followed by the ringing voice of a Confederate picket, as he called, "Corporal of the guard, double quick!" With renewed energy our oarsmen bent low to their work, and in a few moments our bows struck the hostile shore almost simultaneously; now came a fierce scramble up the steep and slippery banks, made doubly so by the rain, which was still falling. Many of the men missed their footing and went overboard, where they were compelled to assist each other out as best they could. Their more fortunate comrades who had gained a solid footing had enough to attend to in returning the enemy's fire, which was instantly opened upon us from a line of well-constructed rifle-pits on the high bluff back from the river. Owing to the darkness of the morning their fire was not effective, and ours was not much better, as we had but the flash of their pieces to guide us in our aim. While thus engaged we were startled by a thundering volley fired over our heads by the balance of our brigade across the river, which was drawn up in line of battle and waiting to cross to our assistance. The music of this leaden hurricane, startling as it was to us, had a most practical effect upon the rebels in the rifle-pits, who ceased firing, thereby giving us an oppor-

tunity to form line. Our skirmishers were at once deployed and advanced upon the rifle-pits followed closely by the two van regiments, the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania on the right and One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania on the left. Upon gaining the top of the bluff the rifle-pits were found deserted, the Confederates flying upon our approach, so we kept up the advance for awhile unmolested. The enemy now concealed by the fog and darkness of the early morning halted in their retreat, and; crouching low, they allowed us to approach quite close and then gave us a volley, but kind fortune again favored us and no one was hurt. Without returning a shot we went at them with a cheer and again they fell back, and did not attempt further resistance until safely concealed within the shadows of Deep Run Ravine, our old retreat of December previous. We then advanced to within easy rifle range of the ravine just named, where we were ordered to lay down and watch the foe closely, but not to fire unless they attempted an advance; our loss so far being trifling in numbers. In these operations Col. Irwin of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, who was on the opposite side of the river, was wounded, and one captain and 25 men, principally belonging to the Eighteenth New York and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania. We succeeded in taking a few prisoners during the advance, among whom was the lieutenant-colonel of a Georgia regiment who was in charge of the pickets along the river. He was comfortably quartered in a house a short distance from the line when we surprised his men; came running into our ranks, and was made a prisoner at once. As daylight increased and the fog lifted the Confederates opened fire upon us; we dare not reply, strict orders forbid it at this time. At 10 o'clock in the day the rain stopped and the sun shone out in all his glory, the rebels ceased popping at us and at once showed a disposition to be on good terms, trying to drive a bargain in papers, tobacco, and coffee.*

* It had been a favorite pastime with many of us, and one which broke the dulness of picket routine, to converse socially with the Confederate pickets and trade whatever of our soldier merchandise we might have handy

We felt a little willing, for we were always anxious to get a squint at the "Johnnies'" newspapers, but it was no go. Gen. Russell shut down upon our port, and "sat upon" our commerce right lively. Immediately after our crossing three pontoon bridges were laid, the balance of the men of the First division were hurried across the river, and were placed in battle order o'er the plain.*

The 30th of April and the 1st of May were spent in severe skirmishing and manœuvring for position, and much speculation was indulged in, for we were no little exercised as to the

for newspapers and tobacco, and for this purpose the "Yankee" and his jack-knife were often seen whittling away and putting into shape the hull or rigging of some miniature "blockader;" these tiny craft we often freighted with copies of the "Herald" or "Inquirer," some good old Government Java mixed with brown sugar, and we were not unmindful of the mail. We would (when the wind favored us) start the little craft on her mission, and receive in return a Richmond paper or two, and a cargo of the "weed." The writer has in his possession a copy of the "Richmond Dispatch" sent to him on one of these tiny vessels. It is dated January 21st, 1863, and was received soon after Burnside's "Mud March." It contains the following copy of a letter received by the Confederates on one of these amusing occasions.

JANUARY 17TH, 1863.

"GENTS ON CONFEDERATE STATE DUTY:—

"We had the pleasure to receive your letter, and very glad to find you in good spirits. We are sorry not to have any newspapers on hand, but will get some as soon as possible. We send you coffee whenever the wind permits us to do so. Can't one of you come over this evening in the little boat you have there? We will not keep you. In the hope that Jeff. Davis and Abe Lincoln will give us peace, we send our best respects.

"Co. A. 46th Reg. N. Y. S. V."

* Fifteen bridges were laid at different points for the use of the army during this campaign. The campaign opened with the construction of a canvas raft at Port Conway, about fourteen miles below Fredericksburg, on the 20th of April. A canvas bridge was built at Kelly's Ford on the 28th of April, and the following day three pontoon bridges were laid at Franklin's Crossing, and three at the mouth of Pollock's Creek. Two were laid at United States Ford on the 30th, and another on the 4th of May. On the 3d of May, two bridges were thrown across the river in front of Fredericksburg, and one at Banks' Ford, and another at United States Ford.

results of Hooker's generalship on the right. On the 30th, at dusk, the following order was issued to us:—

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Camp near Falmouth, Virginia, April 30th, 1863.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding General announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him. The operations of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps have been a succession of splendid achievements.

By command of Major-General Hooker,
S. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General.

We listened to the reading of this order with a confiding attention, and so soon as the adjutant's voice died out, we broke into deafening cheers, threw up our caps, and smiled double smiles at each other. We now fully believed "Fighting Joe" (Hooker's military soubriquet) would demolish Lee and end the war in a few months. Our bands mounted the ramparts, and played "Dixie," "We are marching down to Dixie's Land," "Ain't I glad I got out of the Wilderness," and many other favorite and national airs. On the morning of the second we were aroused at daybreak, and remained in line the greater part of the day, expecting an engagement momentarily. About seven o'clock, the enemy opened upon us with artillery, but in our safe position on the flats between the bluff and river bank, it was a difficult matter for him to disturb us; his shells passing harmlessly over us would strike the opposite river bank with a solid thud, and in some instances descended almost vertically into the river, sending up a column of water, the diameter of the shot, to a height of twenty or thirty feet. While the firing was at its height, it was singular to note the actions of the men: our muskets were stacked in line, and the troops either standing about in close proximity, or laying down in groups, ready to spring to arms at a moment's

notice; no particular attention was paid to the shells as they flew over us; greenbacks were uncommonly plenty among the boys, owing to the fact that the paymaster had visited our corps previous to commencing the campaign, and many of the men had no opportunity of sending their money home, knowing that they were on the eve of an engagement, and uncertain as to what their lot might be, no doubt felt a little reckless as to what they did with their money. However, all sorts of games of chance were at once started, from three-card monté to balancing a penny on a peg, and taking your chance of knocking it off at so many paces. Here would be a group seated around a gum blanket spread upon the ground, with their stakes piled in front of them, while they anxiously watched the dealer as he shuffled the cards; suddenly the whiz and shriek of a shell would be heard approaching, as it would draw uncomfortably near; now their hands stretched out instinctively towards their money, while their eyes were turned aloft, like ducks looking for a squall. As the unwelcome intruder passed beyond their immediate vicinity, their hands would be withdrawn, and the game go on serenely. Just before sundown we were called to arms, and advanced upon the plain in support of the skirmishers of the Light Division, which made a gallant charge, driving the enemy steadily before them, until they finally took refuge in their intrenchments on the heights, leaving us in peaceful possession of the plain.

It was a most brilliant affair, the day was just declining, the red streaks of sunlight stole o'er the battle scape, and stabbed the little puffs of white smoke as they belched from the rifles; and to see the "Johnnies" scamper through this did our hearts good at this time, for we knew not of the Confederates' keen cut to our army on the right. The Second and Third divisions of the Sixth Corps commenced crossing so soon as we of the First division advanced, and after a temporary disposition of our forces had been made, the entire corps bivouacked on the plains near Fredericksburg. It was a most beautiful night; the full moon shone in all her splendor, lighting up the martial scene with almost noon-day refulgence, while the balmy breeze

wafted to our ears the sound of the deadly conflict raging with unabated fury at Chancellorsville. About midnight we were aroused by an alarm of musketry on the left of our line; after remaining under arms for a short time, the firing gradually ceased, it simply being an affair of the pickets. We again laid down, securing a little more sleep, but were under arms, and ready for an advance long before daylight. About 4 A. M. of the 3d (May) the Sixth Corps commenced operations in earnest, by extending its lines, the Second and Third divisions taking ground to the right toward Fredericksburg. So soon as this movement began, the enemy's picket opened a general fusilade; the flash from their pieces in the dim morning light resembling so many fire-flies, while, from the heights the great guns illuminated the inky back-ground of the picture as they discharged their bolts in the supposed directions of the advancing column. About six o'clock, Russell's brigade moved a little to the left and front, in support of Battery D (Second U. S. A.), until the balance of the First division could move out to co-operate with the storming column which was now preparing to assault Marye's Height, a series of fortified hills, rendered well nigh impregnable by nature. At a consultation of Generals (Sixth Corps) very early on Sunday morning, it was agreed that the Second brigade of Newton's division, now commanded by Colonel Thomas D. Johns (Seventh Massachusetts), should carry the works on the extreme right. But the plan was soon afterwards changed, and the honor given to the Light Division. The Seventh Massachusetts and Thirty-sixth New York, of Johns' brigade, were added to the Light Division, and Colonel Johns was selected as one of the leaders of the storming column. These hills were occupied by Gen. Early, with seven brigades of infantry and thirty pieces of artillery, chiefly belonging to the Washington Artillery of New Orleans; one brigade, Wilcox's (Alabama troops) was toward the river—Banks' Ford. Early's force numbered about nine thousand men, and included Barksdale's brigade (Mississippians), of McLaws' Division.

Marye's Heights was part of an extensive estate, just in the

rear of Fredericksburg, and belonged to Mr. John L. Marye. It was known as "Brompton." Mr. Marye's elegant mansion was situated most pleasantly upon the heights, and had suffered much damage, swept by the storm of war. Fifty cannon balls were sent through the parlor alone, and its lovely solitude was otherwise scathed. These heights were those smote by Burnside in December, 1862. The disaster to Hooker's army at Chancellorsville—the flanking and flying of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps—and the Confederate disaster, the death wounding of "Stonewall" Jackson, were all unknown to Gen. Sedgwick, and his orders at this time were so complex that he was puzzled to understand the real intentions of his chief.* In the mean time, while the preparations were being made to assault the heights, the Confederate batteries opened upon our ammunition and ambulance train, which was now coming toward us from the river, and for awhile the scene was most exciting. These vehicles and their frightened animals were dashing o'er the plain in all directions, seeking shelter behind every hillock or knoll within their reach. Our guns remained silent all this time with the cannoniers lying beside them, and the drivers stood quietly at their horses' heads, while the shot grooved and furrowed the ground, in all directions, or passed harmlessly between or

* At 11 o'clock in the night of the 2d of May, Gen. Sedgwick received an order from Gen. Hooker (who evidently knew little of the former's position) directing him to take up his bridges, relay them at Fredericksburg, seize the town, and march at once over the Chancellorsville road (Gordonsville Plank Road), until he connected with the troops on the right. The order said Sedgwick must attack and destroy any force he might fall in with on the road, and be in the vicinity of Hooker at daylight (3d), when the two were to use up the Confederate army. Hooker had now calculated the destruction of a foe twice our number, and after his own failure to make the enemy "ingloriously fly," how swiftly he would set a march over a road, already strewn with reinforcements (from the enemy in his front), to Early now in strong force, on Marye's Heights. The execution of this order was impossible, considering the obstacles in our way, and Gen. Sedgwick stated before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (p. 99), that the movement was impossible at the time he received the order to advance, had there not been a rebel soldier in his front. The attack, when it was made, as we have shown, was not battling with shadows.

over the guns, bounding away across the plain; finally, seeing that their practice was at fault, the enemy ceased firing.* It was now drawing near noon. The Sixth Corps was in the following order: First division on the left; next on the right, in front of Marye's Heights, was the Second division, formed in three columns of attack. The Light Division, Colonel Burnham, was immediately in front of the stone wall on the left of the road leading up and through Marye's Heights, while in close supporting distance, with its assaulting column thrown forward, was the Third division, the whole representing a line of battle about five miles in length. One brigade of Gibbon's division of the Second Corps was in the town (Fredericksburg) and the other two brigades were across the river.† All being in readiness, the batteries of Adams, Butler, Harn, Harris, Hazard, Hexamer, and McCartney pounded away at the glacis before the infantry moved to the attack. During this cannonade, the Confederates again proved their practice in gunnery to be most inferior to ours, but their sharpshooters were most annoying, and

* About 10 A.M. the Ninety-fifth and the One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania were ordered to advance across the plain and take position in Deep Run ravine (leaving behind the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York, whose terms of service would soon expire); this movement was the signal for a fresh demonstration from the rebel batteries; as we advanced by the flank in four ranks, we received their fire obliquely across the line, but suffered very little from it. Upon reaching the shelter of the ravine, we formed line along the crest of its slope, where we were comparatively safe. Immediately following came our batteries, and here was another exciting scene. Battery "D," Second Regulars, was in the van; as they approached the ravine they became the target for the enemy's gunners, who concentrated their fire on the point of the road where it swept down into the ravine, and over which our pet battery had to pass; but the brave fellows never faltered, keeping on at a walk, as though on review, while the shot and shell flew over and around their heads. We cheered them lustily as they trotted down the ravine to take their designated place in line, with the balance of the First division, which quickly followed us.

† When Gen. Hooker commenced his campaign, Gibbons's division was encamped in a conspicuous place, in full view of the enemy; so it was deemed advisable not to move the men until after the campaign had begun. On the night of the 2d, Gibbons was ordered to report to Gen. Sedgwick with his command.

worried our gunners, near the Bernard House, considerably. Early in the day Gen. Brooks sent forward Bartlett's brigade to dislodge these sharpshooters, and occupy the ground held by them. After a brief struggle on the Bowling Green Road the enemy was driven off, but the new position was soon enfiladed by the Confederate artillery, when Bartlett was ordered to withdraw.

In this little affair the Fifth Maine had twenty-one men killed and wounded, including its Adjutant, Geo. A. Bicknell, Captain E. M. Robinson, and Lieut. O. V. Stevens. Five men were killed and eighteen wounded in the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania. A furious onslaught was now made upon the heights, and as we of the First division advanced a short distance beyond Deep Run, we could see the Confederates in great confusion falling back before the blue tide rolling up the steep places in our front. It was the men of our Second and Light Divisions in the mid-day sun, their gunbarrels glistening, and the colors of our country borne aloft in the hands of the brave sons of Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Jersey. These were plainly visible. This splendid body of men scaled Marye's Heights and took them. Ten thousand undaunted sons of the Union had drenched these heights with their blood in December previous. That failure was Burnside's Forlorn Hope. On the 3d of May, 1863, these barriers yielded to five thousand men under Sedgwick's command.*

* The honor of planting first the Union colors upon the works on Marye's Heights is claimed by so many regiments that it is difficult to understand which one of these claimants is entitled to the undivided glory. The credit was generally accorded to the Sixth Maine at the date of the battle, but it soon after became a source of much argument, and other regiments asserting their rights to the honor, have, in an official way, given some importance to the question. The official report of the Sixth Maine in this action says: "The supporting regiments on the right and left broke under the terrific fire, and the enemy turned their attention to the Sixth Maine and Fifth Wisconsin. The whole of the enemy's fire swept through the devoted ranks of the two regiments, but with wild cheers the men rushed on the fortifications and the victory was won in four minutes from the commencement of the attack. The flag of the Sixth Maine was the first to wave from the battlements of the

At mid-day Brooks's Division was withdrawn from the left leaving Gen. Russell with two regiments of his brigade, the Eighteenth and Thirty-second, to cover the rear. Taking

enemy's works." An eye witness, Surgeon Stevens (Seventy-seventh New York), says in his work, "Three Years in the Sixth Corps" (page 199), "We of the Second Division looked with admiration upon the advancing line; our flag—it was the flag of the Sixth Maine—in advance of the others its brave color guard bounding forward, then halting a moment while the men came up, then dashing forward again and finally gaining the heights before us all. It was a noble spectacle, and filled our hearts with pride for our brave comrades of the Light Division. The Light Division secured as trophies about seven hundred prisoners and five cannon." The official report of the Thirty-first New York ("Light Division") says: "The action was short but decisive, and the State colors of the regiment were the first in the enemy's works, riddled in its passage thither by a whole charge of grape-shot." The official report of the Thirty-sixth New York Volunteers says: "The signal being given, the Seventh Massachusetts and Thirty-sixth New York moved forward simultaneously with the Flying Division up the Gordonsville Road and deployed along the stone wall, charged the batteries to the right, capturing two guns, the Thirty-sixth New York reaching them first." "Special Orders No. 839 (1863) War Department, referring to Captain I. Townsend Daniel (Company D, a brave officer of this regiment), says:—

"And led the right company of the Thirty-sixth New York Infantry (which regiment was the first to plant its colors on the heights) at the storming of Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg. Among Howe's regiment the same contra-opinion prevailed. Colonel afterwards Brevet Maj.-Gen. Louis A. Grant, who commanded the Second brigade ('Vermonters'), has claimed the honor of first reaching the heights for the Thirty-third New York, and says the Sixth Vermont was the second regiment to gain the heights." Surgeon Geo. L. Stevens says (page 97): "Three Years in the Sixth Corps" (foot-note) that "Gen. L. A. Grant in his report does unintentional injustice to a brave regiment. . . . The Thirty-third was not the first to gain the heights on that part of the line. The testimony of Gen. Neill, as well as of the members of the regiment and the many trophies it captured, fully establish the claim of the Seventy-seventh New York to the honor."

"The Seventy-seventh New York captured a stand of colors belonging to the Eighteenth Mississippi, two heavy guns, a large number of prisoners, among whom was Col. Luce of the Eighteenth Mississippi, besides great numbers of small arms."

"As the regiment reached the heights, says the same 'authority,' and took possession of the guns, Gen. Howe rode up, and taking off his hat, exclaimed, 'Noble Seventy-seventh, you have covered yourselves with glory.' The General's words were greeted with tumultuous cheers."

the Bowling Green Road to Fredericksburg, we entered the southeastern portion of the town, thence filing left, passed out on the Gordonsville Plank Road, halting a few moments. Here, in the middle of the road, was standing some pieces of the celebrated Washington Artillery which were captured on the heights. We now had a good opportunity to a full view of this *celebrated* and much-talked-of terror; a more miserable set of animals were never seen than those attached to these guns and caissons, and the dilapidated harness would have shamed the artillery branch of "Walker's fillibusters." Marye's Heights were not won without heavy loss to us. Col. Spear of the gallant Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, than whom none were braver, had fallen pierced to death at the head of the assaulting column. Col. Johns of the Seventh Massachusetts had fallen in a moment of importance to our success, and the Thirty-first New York's heroes strewed the slopes, and mangled corpses and animals' carcasses dotted the streets of Fredericksburg, which now seemed one vast litter for the groaning and expiring, and its sidewalks were disordered with bloody garments stripped from gory bodies and thrown aside in the great haste to help some sufferer. Hooker's army was now in such a position that the Confederate commander was free to clip either wing of his antagonist and leave him a crippled thing among the marshes of the Rappahannock. But the advantage was lost in Confederate grief for the dying Jackson and ignorance of the real state of affairs within the Union lines. The way was now open from Fredericksburg to the heights for Sedgwick to carry out the instructions received the night of the 2d to join Hooker. The First division was given the advance, and we all supposed the enemy to be in full retreat towards Chancellorsville. After a short march in column along the Gordonsville Plank Road, we (Brooks's First division) were formed in the following order:—

The First brigade (New Jersey), under Col. Brown (with the exception of four companies of the Second Regiment and Fifteenth Regiment), were on the left of the plank road in double line of battle. With six companies of the Second

Regiment deployed as skirmishers on the right and left of the road (these skirmishers were under Lieut.-Col. Wiebecke of the Second New Jersey). The Second brigade, Col. Bartlett's, was in supporting distance on the left of the road. The Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, now temporarily under Lieut.-Col. Hall, and the Hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania, Col. Peter C. Ellmaker, of Russell's brigade, were under Col. Town of the former regiment, and moved in a single line of battle on the right of the plank road; the artillery was under Col. Tompkins, and consisted of the batteries of Rigby, Parsons, and Willston.

The New Jersey brigade was composed of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifteenth Regiments (the latter regiment and four companies of the Second Regiment were absent from the brigade at this time, and were not in the fight).

Bartlett's brigade consisted of the Sixteenth, the Twenty-seventh, and the Hundred and twenty-first New York, Fifth Maine, and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Two regiments of the Third brigade, the Ninety-fifth and Hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania, were the only troops of this brigade with the division at this time; the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York having remained below Fredericksburg with Gen. Russell. These ten regiments of the First division (Sixth Corps) now numbered less than 4000 muskets; they had lost considerably since crossing the river, and large details for special services had also thinned their ranks.

The Second and Light Divisions, which had stormed the heights, formed our reserve lines of battle beyond our batteries, and the Third division was on the right, and in reserve. This handful of men (the First division) scarcely one-fifth of Sedgwick's command, were all the troops engaged in the assault on Salem Church. It was about 4 o'clock when these arrangements were completed. In this manner (described above) we passed up the plank-road, under the gallant Brooks, following the enemy closely, but meeting with no opposition until reaching a point about two miles from Fredericksburg. Here the road describes a slight curve round a small pine grove. As

the head of our column was rounding this point a section of artillery stationed in the middle of the road about eight hundred yards distant and near a toll-gate opened upon us with shell, the first shot killing one of our artillery sergeants. For a few minutes the fence rails and small pines were hurled about like chaff as the shot tore through the woods.

The Confederate skirmishers were soon encountered in the vicinity of the Taylor House, and driven steadily back. On the right of the plank-road the country was open, offering but few advantages for the Confederates to find cover; occasionally they would take position behind a rail fence and show a disposition to dispute the ground with us, when our two regiments (on the right) would trail arms and take up the double quick with a cheer, upon which the enemy would promptly come to the "right about" and move off, but the troops on the left did not fare so well in their advance, as the ground over which they had to pass was broken and covered with timber and underbrush; in some places the timber was cut and piled as cord-wood, forming an excellent defensible position. From our point of view on the open ground, the advance on the left was a good representation of the American style of bush fighting; occasionally you would see a group of "Yanks" making a resolute rush at a pile of wood, from behind which a party of "Johnnies" would deliver a spiteful fire until our men would be almost on top of them, when they would seek shelter behind the next pile, receiving the fire of our boys as they ran. Sometimes our boys in their eagerness to close with the enemy would get it a little hot, and they in turn would come hopping out of a thicket in a hurry, but only to try it again. In this manner we kept the "Johnnies" moving at a pretty rapid gait, their artillery limbering and moving down the road as we approached, when at a safe distance they would "go about," "unlimber," and open fire again. It was now nearly sunset. We had by this time reached a point about four miles beyond Fredericksburg, near Salem Church; here our guns went into position on a slightly elevated plateau on the right of the plank-road near the toll-gate, from which the ground sloped gently towards a belt of

timber four or five hundred yards in our front. This woodland was a continuation of the forest on the left of the road through which the First and Second brigades were advancing, our line of battle not being over 1000 yards in length. On this descending plain towards the wood on the right the Ninety-fifth and One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania advanced in perfect order; our skirmishers now entered the woods and were at once hotly engaged by a strong force of the enemy,* who were intrenched along a dirt road running through the woods parallel with our line of battle and near the church. A few rods in advance of this woods Col. Town halted his small brigade, and we lay down behind a low brush fence for a few moments while the gallant Jersey skirmishers in front peppered the now seemingly broken and confused mass of Confederates who swarmed about the little chapel in front. However, the enemy by this time were receiving heavy reinforcements from Lee's army at Chancellorsville, and meanwhile the Jerseymen and Bartlett's men on our left were sharply engaged, having charged the Confederates† in their strong position at the school-house, seizing that stronghold, with its miniature garrison, whom they made temporary prisoners, and were in turn driven off, losing heavily. Ammunition now running low, our men began to fall back; quickly our line of battle sprang to its feet to confront the swarms of rebels which now poured out of the woods line upon line,

* Wilcox's Brigade (Anderson's Division) of Alabama, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Fourteenth regiments who had moved up from Banks' Ford, which point it had been watching. Too late to assist early upon the heights, these troops were hastily thrown into position across Sedgwick's path.

† Barksdale's and Hayes' Brigade ("Louisiana Tigers") which had occupied the heights; the former's regiments were the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-first Mississippi. Hayes' Brigade, was composed of the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Louisiana. Beside these Confederates Lee had detached from his army in Hooker's front with commendable audacity a large force under Gen. McLaws. These were Kershaw's, Wofford's and Semmes' brigades of McLaws' Division, and Mahone's Brigade of Anderson's Division (Report of Gen. Lee upon the battle of Chancellorsville, page 12).

firing and yelling with demoniacal fury as they advanced. Bravely our two little regiments, under Col. Town, strove to resist the overwhelming torrent which now overlapped our right and threatened total annihilation. Finally, after a desperate struggle, which scarcely lasted ten minutes, we were forced to give way, and together with the troops on the left seek shelter behind our guns on the elevation just in rear. Almost 200 of the Ninety-fifth were left weltering in their gore upon the bloody plain. Among the first to fall was our brave Col. (Town), shot through the head, killed almost instantly, quickly followed by Lieut.-Col. Hall and Adjutant Dunton, both shot dead. Our major, Thomas J. Town, and a younger brother, Lieut. Samuel Town, were both wounded about the same time, the three brothers being struck almost simultaneously. Upon reaching the cover of our batteries, a storm of shell and canister was rained upon the advancing foe, who were quickly driven back to the shelter of the woods, leaving some prisoners in our hands, who had followed us up so closely that they were forced to surrender. Here we reformed our sadly shattered ranks.*

* The First division being all engaged, I was ordered by Gen. Newton to move with two regiments to the right of the road, and to take general direction of the operations on that portion of the battle-ground. A deep ravine, with a stream in it, beyond the Morrison House, was soon crossed by the Ninety-third Pennsylvania, Captain Long, and One hundred and second Pennsylvania, Colonel Kinkead (the One hundred and thirty-ninth Pennsylvania, Colonel Collier, being left supporting a battery, but came up soon after), and crossing the ridge beyond, they were soon engaged under a terrific fire of musketry from a hidden foe. To sustain this fire many minutes was evidently impossible, and I immediately despatched staff officers to the rear to bring up troops with which to form a second line, and others to assist in delaying the retirement of the One hundred and second, and Ninety-third, which was soon anticipated. Before they were pushed back, the troops on the left were driven towards us in confusion by overwhelming odds, and by the time a second line was formed, the battalions of the enemy were rushing up the ravine we had just crossed, and for a few moments it seemed hardly possible to hold our position; but the rebel regiments could not keep formed under our heavy fire, and gradually retired with heavy loss, while our most advanced line moved off in good order by its right flank, and formed in rear of the batteries behind our second. The Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania and

Shortly after this disaster at the church, Gen. Newton became warmly engaged on the right flank, which was on the woody slopes at some distance to the right and rear of our original line of battle. Fresh bodies of troops from Lee's army (McLaws and Anderson's divisions) now poured in on both flanks, and our bleeding and broken lines were being pushed rapidly back in all directions, Col. Brown's brigade of Newton's division again distinguished itself as at Marye's Heights earlier in the day, and in an opportune moment smote the elated foe with a full shower of missiles, impinging the entire mass to their destruction. Back to the forest from which they had emerged flew a bleeding remnant of these devoted sons of the Confederacy, not to appear again that night. Brown's brigade was formerly commanded by Gen. Deven, and was composed of the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirty-seventh Massachusetts, the Second Rhode Island and Thirty-sixth New York Volunteers. The presence of Gen. Newton (temporarily commanding the Sixth Corps) and Gen. Frank Wheaton (temporarily commanding the Third division), inspired these men on, and although much worn down with the part they had taken in the storming of Marye's Heights, they behaved with a courage sublime. Thrice Col. Rodgers commanding the Second Rhode Island seized the flag of his regiment, and dashing forward led his men on the Confederate position in the dense woods in his front, chastening the foe severely. The hard fighting now ceased for the day, though heavy skirmishing was maintained throughout the darkness. The slaughter in the First division was frightful. The One hundred and twenty-first New York had lost 273 of its members alone. Thus ended the battle of Salem Heights, or Church, as it is sometimes called, and a day which had opened with every prospect of glory and success to our arms had now darkened into a

Sixty-second New York were necessarily left on the south side of the main road, where they performed gallant service, under the officer in charge of that part of the line." * * * (Official Report of Brigadier-General Frank Wheaton).

night of gloom and disappointment; the fruits, some said, of another incompetent at the head of the Army of the Potomac.*

Let us look at the right (Hooker's wing) for a moment: of its operations, we knew but little; the "fly" order of Gen. Hooker had inspired a confidence of success in that commander, so, therefore, we could only wait developments. We could hear the faint muttering of distant thunder, which proclaimed a war storm in that direction, and at night we saw the lightning issuing from the angry clouds. It was evident to us now that our General had miscalculated his enemy, or had failed to make him "fly" so "ingloriously" as was his intention or supposition that he was "flying."†

The Sixth Corps was now in a critical situation. Howe's heroes, who but a moment ago owned the Heights, were now looking toward those dominant hills, hot of disposition, its lines of battle facing Fredericksburg and our rear. The First and Third divisions and Light Division were facing Chancellorsville. There was some two miles distance between the lines of battle, and their opposite directions was at once indicative of our precariousness. Thrice during this night of biting anxiety and woe did our weary commander, General Sedgwick, telegraph his situation to Hooker (by way of Banks' Ford, on the Rappahannock, a few miles above Fredericksburg, and our only line of communication now open). Sedgwick asked for help in case the enemy renewed the battle, and informed his chief that he had been checked—severely handled—and also informed him of the constant arrival of reinforcements from his (Hooker's) front. To these despatches he could get no reply. At length, on the morning of the 4th at 8 o'clock, Sedgwick received the following from the commanding General.

* This immolation on the part of Sedgwick no doubt saved Hooker's army from destruction, for whilst in the height of his success Lee had received information of the disaster to his right, the loss of Marye's Heights, which caused him to turn his attention in that direction, suddenly relieving Hooker of the pressure in his front, thereby giving him an opportunity to take up a new and strong defensive position.

† On the 2d, at ten minutes past 4 P. M., Hooker telegraphed to Gen. Sedgwick, as follows: "We know that the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains; two of Sickles' division are among them."

“You are too far away for me to direct. Look to the safety of your corps. Fall back on Fredericksburg, or cross the river at Banks’ Ford, as you deem best.”

The Union line of battle at Chancellorsville ran east and west, and was in length some five miles or more. Gen. Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, was on the right, and Gen. Meade, with the Fifth Corps, and one division of the Second Corps, formed the left of the line. Slocum, with his own corps—the Twelfth—and one division of Sickles’ corps (Third), occupied the centre of the line. A frail defence of fence rails and earth was thrown up along the edge of the Orange Court House Plank Road, which leads out from Fredericksburg (except where he had found it necessary to digress), and which was found the more convenient ground for manœuvring, as thereabouts cropped out the wilderness, a strange locality, entirely uninhabited save by wild game and dangerous reptiles. A strong reserve was formed of the other divisions of Hooker’s army; and Gen. Hooker made his headquarters at the Chancellor House, a large brick mansion standing at the intersection of the road above mentioned, and another road leading to United States Ford, this single house giving a name to the place. There was about fifteen miles distance between the left wing of our army here, and the right of Gen. Sedgwick’s line below Fredericksburg. Hooker’s easy success in placing his army in this position by the 2d, had led him to believe that Lee would either attack him upon his front—which he had strongly prepared for and made more hopeless for the Confederates’ success, by causing the felling of timber and the placing of other obstructions—or beat a hasty retreat towards Richmond, an event which he had instructed Sedgwick to be prepared for. He, therefore, instead of assuming the offensive, awaited battle on his “own ground,” where certain destruction awaited, not the enemy, but, as was afterwards shown, his own devoted army; whilst thus certain of his front, Hooker was not altogether unmindful of his right flank, which he early inspected, and although finding it to be in a rather defenceless state, expressed a sort of sciolous satisfaction. However, Gens. Slocum and

Howard had their attention called to this, through a circular order from Hooker at half past nine in the morning of the 2d; but as it appears from the testimony (see Reports on the Conduct of the War, vol. i. p. 178), of Gen. Devens—who commanded the First division of the Eleventh Corps, and who so long and ably commanded a brigade in the Third division (Sixth Corps)—no change was made in the disposition of the troops under his command, although his right flank “rested on no obstacle, and was what is technically termed “in air.” On Friday evening, the 1st, Lee determined upon a bold stroke for a Confederate victory; he decided to turn his antagonist’s right flank, crush his rear, and place a strong force between Hooker and the fords of the Rapid Anna. For this important work, Lee chose his chief executor, “Stonewall” Jackson, who, with about 25,000 veterans, officered by men who knew every path of the wilderness, began the march on Saturday morning (May 2d), moving diagonally across the Union front, taking the narrow by-paths through the forest by which he was to a degree unobserved.* He had so confused our Generals as to lead some to suspect the Confederate army to be retreating. This movement was observed from the First division (Eleventh Corps) headquarters with some interest (see Reports on the Conduct of the War, vol. i. p. 178). About six o’clock in the evening of the second, a rattling musketry fire was heard on the extreme right. Gen. Hooker at once despatched some of his aides-de-camp to ascertain the particulars; but before they could reach that point, the whole of the troops on the right (Deven’s division) were met fleeing the field, panic stricken, along the line of defence held by the Eleventh Corps, and sweeping that corps before it as it went; soon after this the Confederates appeared in sight, almost wild with their success. This furious onset on the

* A Confederate officer with whom the writer conversed whilst on his way to Richmond, said that, in many instances, Jackson’s men, in order to accomplish this movement, crawled long distances through the dense forest undergrowths upon their hands and knees, and occasionally were compelled to drag their bodies through very limited spaces in the narrow bushy confine with which the wilderness abounds.

right and rear of Deven had carried terror with it to such an extent that Hooker, fearful the fugitives would stampede his whole army, directed what cavalry he had with him, assisted by his staff, to charge the frightened and fleeing legions with sabre in hand. Alas, no human power could arrest their flight. At this moment Hooker ordered Berry's division of the Third Corps and one brigade of the Second Corps troops, which were in reserve, to move at the "double quick," with instructions to cover the flight of the Eleventh Corps, and, if possible, to seize and hold, at all hazards, the high ground which had been abandoned by that corps. Directions were also given for the two divisions of the Third Corps, at this time far in advance of the line which had been occupied by the Eleventh Corps, to attack the enemy on his flank, in order, if possible, to check his further advance. The position of Gen. Sickles was extremely critical, as the enemy had it in his power to cut off his communication with the main army. While these operations were progressing on the right, a front attack was made by Lee on the Second and Twelfth Corps, which was handsomely repulsed. Gen. Berry, after going about three-fourths of a mile, found the enemy occupying the elevated position he sought to obtain, so was compelled to establish his line in a vale on the Chancellorsville side of that elevation. Night found Hooker's army in a contracted and precarious situation, out of which he at once made preparations to extricate it. In the Confederate lines all was not joy, for "Stonewall" Jackson lay bleeding to death. Amidst the rebels' rejoicing a gloom had suddenly spread itself. Jackson, whilst reconnoitring in the dusk of the evening, had gone too far beyond his lines, and being mistaken with his staff for a body of "Yankee Cavalry," was fired on by his own men, and mortally wounded. At an early hour, on the morning of the 3d, Lee renewed the attack upon Hooker's front. Hard pressed, at 11 o'clock Hooker changed his front, fell back to a new line, where he rested his army, expecting a union of forces with Sedgwick. Thus, it was an easy matter on the afternoon of the 3d of May for the Confederate Chief to play the dicer, with an extra throw for the

Sixth Corps. The night of May 3d was passed in suspicion and gloom.*

Sedgwick's shattered regiments were put in order, and a strong line of pickets established along the Sixth Corps front. The wounded were cared for as best could be; those able to hobble along made their way to Fredericksburg, where but little available room awaited the vast number of suffering, and where the enemy soon swarmed, re-occupying the heights and vicinity, cutting Sedgwick off in that direction. Preparations were made during the night of the 3d to secure the flanks and keep our communications open with Banks' Ford, some miles in the rear. This involved so heavy an expenditure of troops as to render the situation a dangerous one for long occupation, and was assumed only for immediate defence. The Confederates were now working around Sedgwick's position with menacing adroitness, and felt our lines in several places.†

* A curious and touching incident in the death of one of the writer's regiment is the following: In getting over a post and rail fence, in our front, during the heat of the battle, one of our party (a brave young fellow) was shot dead just as he had reached the topmost rail; there he fell, and remained equipoised in death, to the surprise and horror of all around; after we had fallen back, and during the night a gentle breeze rocked the corpse to and fro in its aerial position, the moon shed a halo about the head and face of this "somebody's darling," and a rebel picket made the scene more hideous by the flash of his rifle, which seemed to come from beneath the dead soldier.

† Fredericksburg and Marye's Heights were re-occupied by heavy reinforcements, and the Washington Battery—abandoned by us as an incumbrance—was carried to its former position. Hemmed in upon all sides by land, the river lying in our rear, as the only means of escape, our line of battle represented three sides of a hollow square, and into this the enemy dropped his iron compliments to us occasionally. Gen. M. T. McMahan, who was Gen. Sedgwick's Chief of Staff (and in whose arms the gallant old soldier died when shot at Spottsylvania Court House, Va.), relates the following anecdote, which is vividly illustrative of a general sort of apprehensiveness of danger to the Sixth Corps' existence at that time. Gen. McMahan says, "On that morning a staff officer of Gen. Sedgwick, whose personal relations enabled him to speak freely, and whose youth, no doubt, inspired him with a sentiment of enthusiasm, remarked to the General that the situation seemed gloomy. The General quietly assented, with that pleasant merry twinkle in his eye which all who knew him will remember. Our young friend then remarked: "General, it looks as if the Sixth Corps was going to close its

Before the day closed (4th), a desperate encounter took place between Howe's division, in which the Confederates were badly cut up by the gallant Vermonters, who did the most of the fighting. On Tuesday morning, the 5th, at 2 o'clock, Gen. Sedgwick withdrew his command across the Rappahannock, at Banks' Ford, and occupied the high ground along the river. Having re-crossed in safety, the bridges were taken up with slight loss. This was accomplished with the aid of a detail of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry who, after rendering valuable service to Gen. Sedgwick, swam the river with their horses. The contraries arising out of the despatches between Hooker and Sedgwick somewhat annoyed the latter, when receiving an order to hold his position immediately after he had withdrawn, and at a moment, too, when the Confederates were making weighty endeavors to crush his flanks. With this movement, Hooker's nine days' campaign was brought to an unhappy close.* It is true, we punished

career to-day." "It has somewhat that appearance," said the General. "Then," said our young officer, with much honest intensity, "if the Sixth Corps goes out of existence to-day, I hope it will be with a blaze of glory that will light the history of this war for all time." The General quietly smiled, and bending forward, said: "I will tell you a secret; there will be no surrendering."

* Gen. Hooker, and his favorites, soon after this, sought to shove the blame for his (Hooker's) failure upon Gen. Sedgwick. Nothing could be more unfair, or supremely wicked; but Gen. McMahon, before mentioned, has so eloquently replied to that accusation (in a recent address before the "Vermont Officers' Re-union Society"), that we will content ourselves by quoting that gentleman's language upon that occasion as a good enough defence of our gallant old commander. Relative to Sedgwick's strong and earnest appeal, "Can you help me, if I am strongly attacked?" Gen. McMahon says, "There was no reply. In the direction of Chancellorsville there was the silence of death. Not an answering gun replied to the crash of our artillery, which echoed from every battery. The enemy on our front, in fact, I may say, on our three fronts, replied. The commanders of the other corps, who stood inactive near Chancellorsville, heard the incessant roar of the artillery near Salem Chapel. They chafed almost to mutiny because, while this gallant little band, less than one-fifth of the army, was contending against these desperate odds, six corps stood idle within the sound of their guns." Gen. McMahon continues: "Sedgwick and Hooker have passed away, and have undergone that final judgment from which there is no ap-

the enemy severely, but we had paid dearly the price from our best blood. The loss in the Sixth Corps was nearly one-third the entire casualties of the army; 5500 killed, wounded, and missing, the loss in the different corps being as follows: First Corps, 292; Second Corps, 2025; Third Corps, 4039; Fifth Corps, 699; Sixth Corps, 5500; Eleventh Corps, 2808;

peal. I am not here to say one word in disparagement of the dead, much less of a gallant soldier like Gen. Joseph Hooker, but I do stand here to vindicate the memory of one of the purest men, one of the truest patriots, one of the best and bravest, aye, and grandest soldiers that ever honored any land by a life of honorable service, and a glorious death upon the field of battle. It has been stated before a committee of the National Congress, whose sole business seemed to be during the several years of their continuance, to dishonor the names of the best and truest of our soldiers, that Sedgwick's failure to obey the orders of Hooker, was one of the chief causes of the failure of the Chancellorsville campaign. This statement was principally made by a man who still lives, and whom, therefore, I am at full liberty to answer. Daniel Butterfield, Major-General, Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, absent from every position of danger during all these operations, controlling at the old headquarters at Falmouth, Prof. Lowe, the chief of balloons, and doing a large correspondence, in Napoleonic style, by telegraph and stenographer, has stated before this Committee that Gen. Sedgwick's delay was the primal cause of the failure. Gen. Sedgwick's order to advance to Chancellorsville, and be there at daylight, included another and more important commission. He was directed to make this march—impossible in itself in the time allowed—impossible, if the march was unresisted. He was ordered to capture Fredericksburg and everything in it, which he did. He was ordered to capture Marye's Heights, which he did magnificently. He was ordered to advance upon the plank road, which he did. He was also ordered to destroy any force that might intervene between him and the General commanding. This he gallantly attempted, and did as much in the line of destruction as it was possible to do with the force at his command. The same despatch which ordered him to destroy any intervening force informed him that the army commanded by Gen. Robert E. Lee was between him and the position he was ordered to occupy at daylight. Now, an order to destroy Gen. Lee and his army was very easy to issue; its execution, as some of you gentlemen will perhaps remember, was attended with considerable difficulty; and when it is considered that during the thirty-six hours that Sedgwick was struggling to execute this part of the order, the main body of our army, consisting of six corps, never fired a shot, although within sound of Sedgwick's guns. I submit that any man who says that the failure could, in any degree whatever, be attributed to Sedgwick, insults every soldier of his command, and dishonors the memory of the dead."

Twelfth Corps, 2883; Engineer Corps, 3; Signal Corps, 2; Cavalry, 145; total, 18,196. Hooker lost 14 pieces of artillery, and about 20,000 small arms. The Confederate's loss was estimated, upon good authority, to have been about 18,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

In the First division our loss was almost irreparable. The great, good, and brave among the rank and file had fallen, and were, amidst the confusion which followed each event, left as they dropped down to be cared for by a merciless foe. The loss in the First New Jersey regiment was the gallant Col. Mark W. Collett, struck down in the heat of the battle, killed, and Captains William H. Tantum and Smith G. Blythe, and Lieut. Charles Seagraves and George B. Wight, wounded; 18 enlisted men were killed or died from wounds, and 71 were wounded, and 16 missing, making a total of 110. In the Second Regiment Col. Buck received a painful injury by being thrown down with his horse, and Adjutant Joseph B. Wilde was wounded. Capt. William Bergen was mortally wounded, and died on the 4th. Captains Henry P. Cook (Capt. Cook received a painful wound in the neck whilst acting aide-de-camp to Col. Brown, commanding the First brigade), Herman Lipfert, Henry H. Callan, and Lieut. John T. Whitehead were wounded; 10 men were killed or died from wounds soon after; 36 were wounded, and 3 missing, a total of 56. In the Third regiment, Col. Henry W. Brown was severely wounded whilst in command of the brigade, in the fiercest of the conflict. Capt. Archibald S. Taylor was killed, and Captain John Frantz wounded. 22 enlisted men were killed or mortally wounded, and 69 received wounds of more or less severity; 4 were missing, making a total of 98. In the Fifteenth regiment Captain Ira J. Lindsay fell at the head of his company, and Lieutenant John Fowler was instantly killed, and Capt. Thomas P. Stout wounded. The mortality among the enlisted men was appalling; 39 were killed or died shortly after, from the effects of their wounds, and 111 were wounded, and 4 were missing, making a total of 157. The Twenty-third regiment suffered severely in commissioned officers, and was also particularly unfortu-

nate in wounds. Lieuts. Charles Sibley, James S. Budd, Sidney H. McCarter, were killed, and Capts. Paul R. Hambrick, Reading Newbold, and Samuel B. Smith, and Lieuts. George W. Severs, George W. Arbuckle, Richard J. Wilson, and Ebenezer Montgomery were wounded; 23 enlisted men were killed, 57 wounded, and 23 missing, making a total loss of 114; the total loss in the brigade being 535, including 8 commissioned officers killed and 20 wounded. The Second brigade (Bartlett's) was also greatly cut up. The Sixteenth New York occupied the right of the brigade line, and was exposed to a fearful fire. Lieut. Col. Frank Palmer was among the first to fall in this regiment—severely wounded. Among the commissioned officers wounded were Capts. William L. Best, William W. Wood, and Lieuts. William E. Hesselgrave, Andrew C. Bayne, and William H. Walling. 20 enlisted men were killed, 82 wounded, and 49 missing; a total of 156.

The Twenty-seventh New York lost thirty-five men, as follows: three killed, twelve wounded, among whom was Lieut. John C. Fairchilds, twenty missing—the greater portion of whom were ascertained to have been wounded. The One hundred and twenty-first New York, Col. Upton, met with the greatest slaughter—two hundred and seventy-five of its heroes were absent at roll-call at the close of the campaign. The regiment had fought with splendid courage, and won the plaudits of its companions throughout the entire strife; among its dead were Captains Thomas S. Arnold, who died on the 18th, Nelson O. Wendell, and Lieutenants U. F. Doubleday and Frederick E. Ford—the latter having held his commission scarcely one month. Captain Andrew E. Mather, Lieutenants Delevan Bates, Jonathan Burrell, and Henry Upton were wounded, and Assistant Surgeon Daniel M. Holt was among the missing. Forty enlisted men were killed, one hundred and thirty-six wounded, and ninety were missing, of whom many were afterwards ascertained to have been wounded.

The entire loss during the campaign, in the Fifth Maine, was ninety-seven men, ten of whom were commissioned officers. Lieut. Cyrus W. Brann was killed, and Lieutenants Smith

G. Bailey, and W. F. Brown mortally wounded. Adjutant George W. Bicknell, Captains E. M. Robinson, Albert L. Dearing, and Lieutenants O. B. Stevens and John H. Stevens wounded. Lieutenants William E. Stevens and Frank G. Patterson were taken prisoners. Nine enlisted men were killed, fifty-five wounded, and twenty-three were missing; of the latter, six were afterward ascertained to have been killed.

The Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania lost Lieut. Alexander Allison, mortally wounded (died on the 5th), and Lieutenants John Von Hallen and John S. Oberrender. Fifty-five enlisted men were wounded, fifteen enlisted men were killed, and twenty were captured—a total of ninety-three, which includes the casualties at the Bowling Green Road. The total loss in this brigade was six hundred and fifty-six, including eight commissioned officers killed and nineteen wounded and captured—exactly the number of officers lost in the First brigade. Nearly the entire loss in the Third brigade fell upon two regiments (the Ninety-fifth and One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania).

The Ninety-fifth was exceedingly unfortunate. Thirteen commissioned officers fell beneath the scythe of destruction, and nearly two hundred men were snatched from its ranks, to be accounted for in the terrible degrees known only to warfare. The killed were Col. Gustavus W. Town, Lieut.-Col. Elisha Hall, Adjutant Eugene D. Dunton, Captain Thomas D. G. Chapman, and Lieut. David Hailer. Major Thomas J. Town, Captain George Weest, Lieutenants Frank Stewart, Samuel H. Town, H. Oscar Roberts, William J. Gelston, Samuel H. Jones, and Samuel Topham were wounded. Thirty-one enlisted men were killed, and seven died soon after from their wounds; one hundred and twelve were wounded and thirty-seven taken prisoners—a total of two hundred.

Out of four hundred and thirty-two men present for duty in the One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania, one hundred and fifty-three were killed, wounded, or missing; Captain Peter Rogers being among the former, and Captains Charles P. Warner, Andrew T. Goodman, and Lieut. John M. Cook

among the wounded. Eleven enlisted men were killed, one hundred and nine wounded, and twenty-nine missing.

The casualties in the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania were slight, as was the fortune of our other two regiments—the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York. Thirty-six were reported wounded and missing in the latter regiment. In the former, the wounding of Col. William H. Irwin was greatly deplored, as it occurred just at the commencement of our operations. Captain William B. Freeborn of Company K was mortally wounded, lingering until August 20th, when he expired. Two enlisted men were killed, eight wounded, and twenty-four were missing—a total of thirty-four.

In the Eighteenth New York seven enlisted men were wounded, and Col. Myers had his horse killed under him. The entire loss in the brigade was four hundred and thirty-three—nearly one-half falling upon the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania. Of this number, nineteen were commissioned officers, seven of whom were killed or mortally wounded, and twelve wounded.

The loss in the First division is thus shown to aggregate one thousand, six hundred and thirty-three officers and men; to which number Captain Reed, aide-de-camp to Gen. Russell, unfortunately belonged, wounded.

The casualties in our Second division were thus reported: the Second brigade (Vermonters), Col. Lewis A. Grant commanding, lost a total of four hundred and twenty-four officers and men during the campaign, including one commissioned officer killed and eleven wounded—one mortally.

The Second Vermont had seventeen enlisted men killed and one hundred and fourteen wounded, among whom were Captains Amasa S. Tracy, Erastus G. Ballou, Horace F. Crossman, and Lieut. Francis A. Gleason (the latter died from his wounds on the 30th of May). Sergeant Major Henry H. Prouty of the regiment was also of the number. In the Third regiment Lieut. Richard P. Goodall, Jr., was wounded. Four enlisted men were killed, thirty wounded, and thirteen missing. In the Fourth regiment Lieutenants Thomas Ensworth, Jr., Frank Hastings, and twenty-three enlisted men were

wounded, one killed, and seven missing. Three were killed in the Fifth regiment and eleven wounded; Lieutenants Ronald A. Kennedy and Lyman F. Loomis being among the latter. Nine were missing.

In the Sixth regiment Lieut.-Col. Oscar A. Hale had his horse shot under him. Captain Luther Ainsworth was killed, and Captain Alonzo B. Hutchinson and Lieutenant Porter Crane, Jr., were wounded, and four enlisted men were killed, fifty-two wounded, and fifteen missing. The Twenty-sixth New Jersey lost one hundred and twenty-three enlisted men, of which number fifteen were killed or mortally wounded, sixty-five wounded, and forty-three missing.

Third Brigade, Gen. Neill. The Twentieth New York had nine men killed, forty-six wounded, and ninety captured. Among the wounded were Captain Henry R. Walter and Lieutenants Conrad Wiess and Francis Schmidt. The Thirty-third New York was terribly cut up in the struggle for the possession of the Heights; it had six color-bearers shot down successively, and lost upwards of two hundred men during the campaign. Lieutenant Charles D. Rossiter was mortally wounded, and died on the 4th; and Captains Edward E. Root and Chester H. Cole, and Lieutenants Bernard Byrne and Sylvester Porter were wounded.

There were but two men out of Captain Edwin J. Tyler's company who were not wounded or had bullets to pass through their clothing. Captain Tyler's coat was "wounded" in a dozen places during the charge, but, strange as it may seem, the Captain was not hurt.

The Seventy-seventh New York also lost heavily; among its cherished dead was a gifted young soldier, Captain Luther M. Wheeler, who is spoken of by those who knew him best, as a brave and efficient officer and an accomplished gentleman.

In the Twenty-first New Jersey twenty-one officers and men were killed and mortally wounded, including Col. Gilliam Van Houten, who commanded the regiment during the battle. Captain Thomas C. Kendall was severely wounded, and with most of the wounded of the Twenty-first, fell into the hands of the enemy. Captains John Shaffle and James W. Van Keuren,

and Lieutenants Michael Shaffle and William H. Debevoise were alike unfortunate. Captain Shaffle lost his left arm, and Captain Kendall was wounded in the shoulder and leg; the latter limb was amputated by the surgeon of the Fifty-fourth North Carolina rebel regiment; and Captain Kendall was the first one of our prisoners paroled and sent through the lines.

In the Seventh Maine, eighteen men were killed or mortally wounded, and seventy were otherwise wounded. First Lieut. Joseph G. Butler, commanding Company "D," was killed while gallantly leading his men on the fortifications, having struggled to this point through a blaze of fire from the Confederate works across a plain, and through a deep morass, in which many of the men sank to their hips. In the desperate encounter which ensued in the evening of the fourth, near Banks' Ford, Lieut. Colonel Selden Connor, commanding the regiment, and Lieut. Andrew M. Benson were wounded, and Lieut. Lemuel C. Small was taken prisoner. The total loss was ninety-two. The loss in the Forty-ninth New York was in proportion to that of the brigade, but no commissioned officers were killed. Gen. Neill reported the casualties in his brigade at one thousand on the evening of the 4th of May. This would make a loss, with that of the Vermont brigade, of one thousand four hundred and twenty-four.

The loss in the Third division (Newton's) was thus reported:—

First brigade, Col. Alexander Shaler commanding, Sixty-fifth New York, Major Henry J. Healey, wounded; two enlisted men killed, fourteen wounded, and twenty-three missing. A total of thirty-eight.

Sixty-seventh New York.

The Twenty-third Pennsylvania lost a total of seventy-one enlisted men killed and wounded, and two captured. In the Eighty-second Pennsylvania, Major Isaac C. Bassett, Capt. Francis B. Lefferts, John H. Delap, and Lieut. John T. Hawkins were wounded. Capt. Delap died from his injuries on the 9th of May. One hundred and twenty-second New York, Captain Morris H. Church, and six enlisted men, were

wounded. The total loss in the brigade was one hundred and eighty.

Second brigade, formerly the Third, Col. Wm. H. Brown commanding. The Second Rhode Island was roughly handled in helping to press back the foe in the evening of the third. Two brave soldiers, First Sergeants Nichols and Green, "B" and "I" companies, were the first to fall. Captain Charles W. Turner was severely wounded, whilst inciting his men to deeds of valor, and Lieut. Bates received a painful wound in the thigh. Seven enlisted men were killed, sixty-six wounded, and eight were missing; a total of eighty-one. "Under a tree, directly in the rear of the regiment, the dead were buried." (Rhode Island in the Rebellion, p. 236.)

The Thirty-sixth New York, like the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, had every field officer shot. Col. William H. Brown suffered the amputation of his leg. Lieut.-Colonel James Walsh was wounded, and Major Elihu J. Faxon killed. Adjutant Robert H. Jones and Captain George V. S. Robinson were wounded, and sixty-seven enlisted men killed, wounded, and captured; a total of seventy-two.

The Seventh Massachusetts began the campaign with a little more than five hundred officers and men; it was reduced about one quarter by its loss in the several engagements. Col. Thomas D. Johns, who led the storming column on the right, was severely wounded, and Captain Prentiss M. Whiting and Lieuts. Wright Bisbee and Albert A. Tillson were killed. Lieut.-Col. Franklin P. Harlow, Adjutant Edward N. Dean, and Captains Hiram A. Oakman, Zeba F. Bliss, and Lieuts. James E. Seaver, John C. Bosworth, and one hundred and five enlisted men were wounded; of the latter, eight died of their wounds, and two enlisted men were killed, making a total of one hundred and thirty-seven.

The Tenth Massachusetts lost sixteen men killed and wounded on the Heights. In the subsequent operations, Captain Flavel Shurtleff and Lieut. Terry S. Noble were wounded. Thirteen men were killed or died from wounds, fifty-seven wounded, and ten missing, aggregating to ninety-

eight. The Thirty-seventh Massachusetts had one enlisted man killed, ten wounded, and twelve missing; a total of twenty-three. The total casualties in the brigade were four hundred and eleven.

Third brigade, Wheaton's, Col. John F. Ballier commanding (temporarily), Sixty-second New York, Lieut.-Colonel Theodore B. Hamilton, Captain William Ackerman, and Lieuts. William T. Brady and Lewis Samuels, were wounded; and Lieuts. William F. Porter, Edward H. Morris, and Louis J. Stuart, were missing; thirteen enlisted men were killed, ninety-three wounded and missing; a total of one hundred and thirteen.

Ninety-third Pennsylvania. Twelve of this regiment were killed, seventy-three wounded, and thirty-four were reported missing. Among the former were Lieuts. Washington Brua and William D. Boltz. Lieut. B. Frank Hean was among the wounded; a total of one hundred and nineteen.

The Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania was commanded during this campaign by its Lieut.-Col., George Wynkoop, a gallant officer, who won the admiration of his division commander by his splendid behavior at a most critical juncture. Gen. Wheaton says in his official report of the battle of the fourth: "At 3½ P. M. on the fourth, the left of the Third division was attacked by a strong column of the enemy, but our batteries soon drove them back. At 5 P. M. our extreme left, held by the Second division, was hard pressed, and I was ordered to send a regiment to Howe's right. The Ninety-eighth, under Lieut.-Col. Wynkoop, was immediately despatched with a staff officer; and almost immediately after I was ordered to the same point with the whole brigade. We moved down the plank road at a double quick, and turned into a field on the left, and formed line of battle, advancing. The most advanced rebel batteries of the attacking column were within fifty yards of a low furze fence, just as the Ninety-eighth was at an equal distance from this side, shooting and firing as he advanced. Lieut.-Col. Wynkoop reached the fence first, and checked the rebels, who found an unexpected line to meet them; seeing

it well supported, and my other three regiments advancing, they fell back, and were easily captured.”

Col. Ballier, who was in command of the brigade during the series of engagements, was severely wounded in the foot, and Captain Casper Geisz, and Lieuts. Louis Lichstern, Louis Soistman, and George Bush were wounded, the latter mortally: seven enlisted men were killed, and fifty-two wounded and missing; an aggregate of sixty-four.

The One hundred and second Pennsylvania, commanded by Col. Joseph M. Kinkead, suffered heavy losses. Lieut.-Col. John W. Patterson was wounded, and among the missing. Captain John Large was killed, and Captain James D. Duncan was wounded, and Captain Orlando M. Loomis and Lieut. Charles S. Barclay missing; eighteen enlisted men were killed, ninety-five wounded, and fifty-one missing; aggregating one hundred and seventy-one.

The One hundred and thirty-ninth Pennsylvania was commanded by Col. Frederick H. Collier during the campaign. Lieut. James T. Harbison, a brave officer, was killed, and Captain John C. Dempsey mortally wounded. Captain Dempsey expired about twelve days after the battle. Lieuts. Daniel Crum and Isaac A. Pearce were wounded. Eleven enlisted men were killed, seventy-three were wounded, and thirty-five missing, making a total of one hundred and twenty-three. The aggregate loss in the brigade was five hundred and ninety, the loss in the division footing up to one thousand one hundred and eighty-one.

The Light Division assailed the Heights with two thousand three hundred men; its casualties were nearly half its number.

The Sixty-first Pennsylvania, which led the storming party, lost its gallant Col., George C. Spear, killed, and six commissioned officers wounded, and one hundred and eighty-eight enlisted men, as follows: seven killed, fifty-nine wounded, and one hundred and twenty-eight missing. Captains John W. Crosby, William W. Ellis, Jacob Creps, Robt. L. Orr, and Lieuts. Eugene Kaerner and George F. Harper; the latter died a fortnight after the battle.

The Thirty-first New York was also particularly unfortunate. Lieut.-Colonel Leopold C. Newman, and acting Major Captain J. Barnett Sloan, and Sergeant-major Robert Crozier were wounded, and Lieut. John Jewsbury was killed. Captains Henry Shieckhardt and George A. Ebbetts, and Lieuts. George Hoermann, Erskine Rich, John W. Webster, and Julius Ehehard, were captured (these latter were cut off with about a hundred of their men, on the fourth, near Banks' Ford). Twelve enlisted men were killed, fifty-nine wounded, and one hundred and forty captured; a total of two hundred and eighteen, and two color-bearers were shot down.

The Forty-third New York lost a total of two hundred and thirty-six officers and men. Captains Hugh B. Knickerbocker, Douglass Lodge, and Lieut. George H. Koonz were killed. Captain Lodge was among the first to reach the Confederate works, and plant the regimental standard upon the ramparts, Lieut. Robert Russell was painfully wounded, and Capts. John W. Wilkinson, William Wallace, William L. Thompson, Volkert V. Van Patten, and Lieuts. William Hastings, Hiram Van Buren, and James H. Smith, and about one hundred and fifty men were captured.

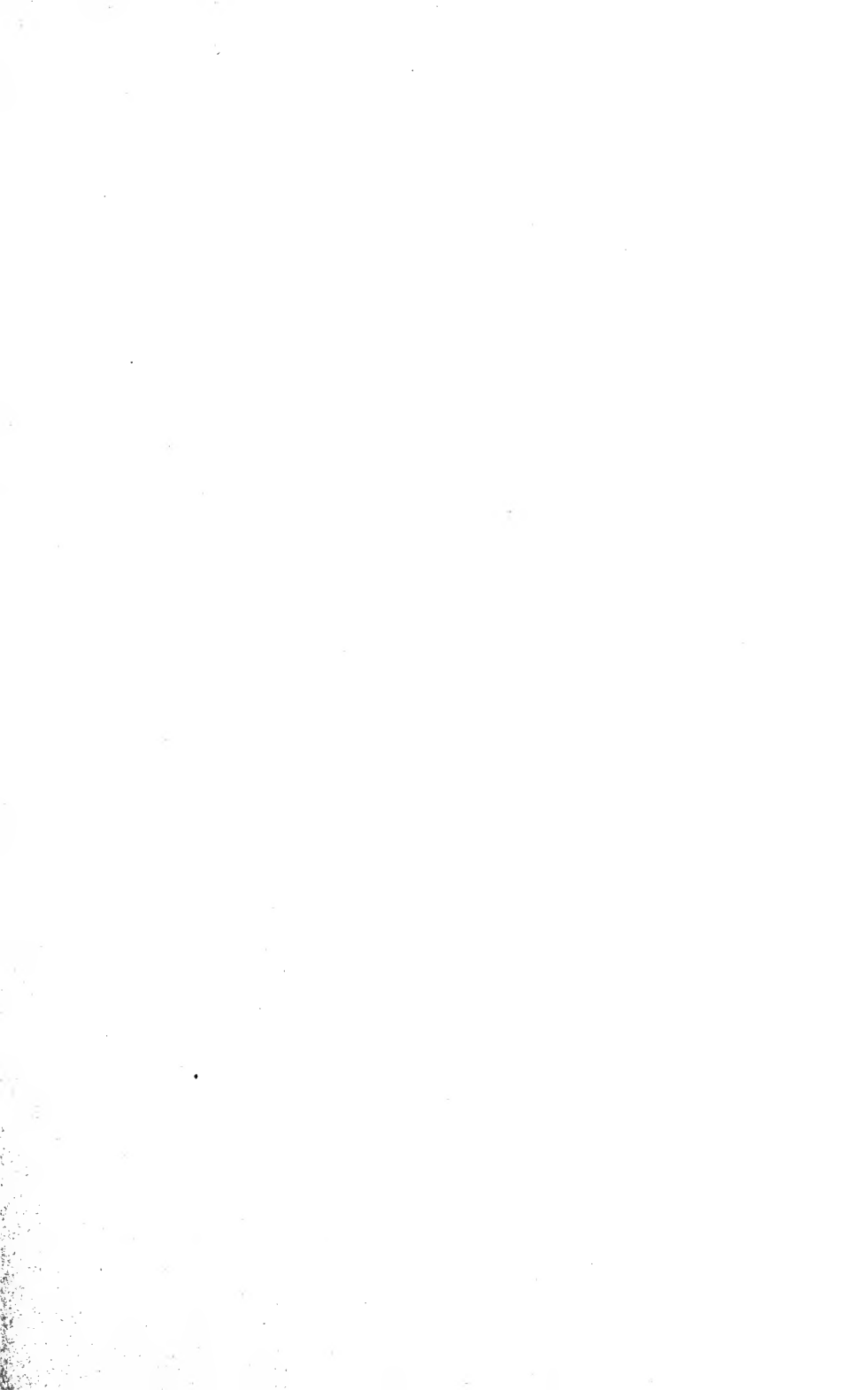
The Sixth Maine (Burnham's regiment) lost one hundred and twenty-eight officers and men killed and wounded, and nine were missing. Among the lamented slain were Major Joel J. Haycock and Captains Sewall C. Gray, John H. Ballinger, Ralph W. Young, and Thomas P. Roach. Capt. Roach suffered the amputation of a leg, and died on the 28th of May. Captain Benjamin J. Buck and Lieuts. James B. McKinley and George W. Burnham were wounded. Sergt. Frank P. Holmes (Company "A") of Calais, was killed in the charge on the Washington Battery. Young Holmes was a nephew of Vice-President Hamlin (1863), and fell at a glorious moment for his regiment—crowned with victory.

The Fifth Wisconsin was badly shattered. Capts. Louis G. Strong, Jeremiah J. Turner, and Lieuts. Alpheus H. Robinson, and John McMurtry were killed, and Major Horace M. Wheeler, Captains Horace Walker, Charles W. Kempf, Lieuts. Aaron B. Gibson, Louis F. Miller, Charles H. Mayer,

Asa W. Hathaway, and Richard Carter were wounded, thirty-five enlisted men were killed, and fifteen died from their wounds; one hundred and sixteen were wounded, and thirty-four missing, making a total of two hundred and eleven.

“Lieut. Brown, who commanded the famous Washington Battery, surrendered with his men to Col. Allen in person.” The aggregate loss in the Light Division was nine hundred and ninety-six officers and men.

The entire loss of the Sixth Corps was five thousand two hundred and sixty-four, exclusive of the loss to the artillery and casualties, which occurred on the staffs of the different commanders; these would bring the loss up to about five thousand five hundred. Gen. Hooker reported the loss in the Sixth corps at four thousand six hundred and one, and Gen. Sedgwick reported it at four thousand nine hundred and twenty-five; but we have shown, by individual count, the loss to be much greater. The discrepancies above cited are no doubt the result of imperfect reports made at a time when many of the regiments were constantly on the move.



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